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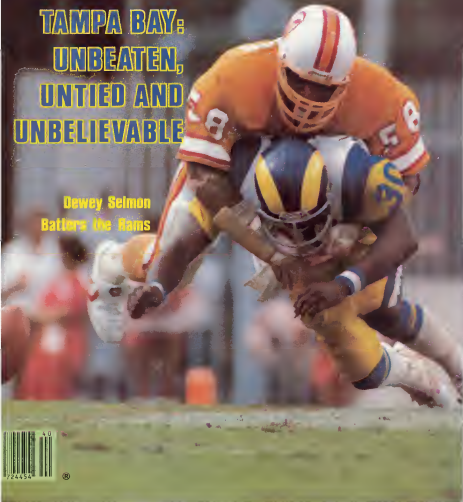
# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 1, 1979

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**NOT AN EVERYDAY TOUR** but every day the entrants in the Great Hawaiian Footrace ran until the 500 kilometers—nearly three times around Oahu—were done. Kerry Moon tells of life on and off the road, of tropical severity and street gangs.



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TRUCK ENTHUSIAST MALONE. MALONE ENTHUSIAST DEFORD: PART II

Frank Deford's article on trucker Tyrone Malone, which begins on page 66, is the 55th bonus piece that he has written for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. "Bonus piece" is the term used around our offices for the long article near the back of the magazine. For the writer, it is a challenging form, not only because of its length but also because of the depth of perception and feeling required to bring it off successfully. It is, by any reckoning, one of the toughest and most rewarding ways to earn a byline, and Deford, who wrote his first bonus piece in 1965 on a mail-order racetrack tout, has more such bylines to his credit than anyone else on the staff. So many, in fact, that some of his subjects are coming around again. Ten years ago he wrote a bonus piece on Malone and his frozen whale (SI, Aug. 11, 1969).

Deford has dealt—at length—with a variety of subjects that defy classification, ranging from such individuals as Bill Tilden, Al McGuire, Billy Martin and Jimmy Connors to such places as Oakland, Cincinnati, Washington and Boston, and such topics as religion, television, history, sex and death. In the course of his research, he has wrestled a bear in Colorado, traveled with Arthur Ashe through Africa, watched Sadasharu Oh hit homers in Japan and beaten the Harlem Globetrotter defense for eight points in Italy.

"I guess I've written about every sport known to man," Deford says. "I've been on the baseball and basketball beats, but I much prefer variety."

Of his penchant for long stories, Deford says, "I sort of shoot for that length

with all my ideas. I guess I'm windy. Or maybe it's because I never worked for a newspaper, except in college.

"If I'm writing about someone who's really well known, I assume our readers already know a lot about him, so I try to add another dimension. You have to have something more about a person than a long list of facts. I try to relate him to his world, his culture and his game."

The only hints at Deford's greatest strength as a writer: the manner in which he brings so much of himself to nearly every story he does, without intruding on the subject.

As if writing bonus pieces were not taxing—and time-consuming—enough, Deford also writes every other kind of piece for SI, including movie reviews. And that's not all, folks. He has also written five books, and is currently working on his third novel and putting the finishing touches to a screenplay and the script of a TV movie.

Away from his typewriter, Deford devotes a great deal of time to the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, of which he is a national vice-president. It is a cause he embraced when it was discovered that his daughter, Alexandra, now seven, had the disease.

All of which probably explains why it has been a couple of years now since Frank has had time to judge a Miss America contest.

*John F. Sullivan*

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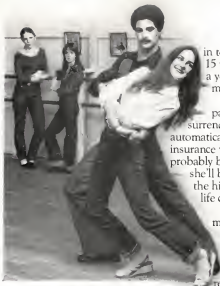
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# BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

## A NOTED AUTHOR DETAILS THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A ONE-ON-ONE POLO PLAYER

Sport appears in the work of American writers of serious fiction with rather surprising frequency, but it tends to be sport of a solitary, noncompetitive nature. Hunting, for example, is often to be found in William Faulkner's writings, notably the superb short story *The Bear*. Ernest Hemingway, himself an accomplished fisherman, told one of our most famous fish stories in *The Old Man and the Sea*. There is a lot of cross-country jogging and walking in Bernard Malamud's recent novel, *Dubus's Lives*.

But good fiction that discusses competitive sport, team games in particular, remains a relative rarity. Among writers of literary reputation, Robert Coover, Philip Roth and Malamud have written about baseball. Don DeLillo and James Whitehead are the authors of novels with football settings. John Updike writes occasionally about basketball, most notably in his *Rabbit Run* and its sequel, *Rabbit Redux*.

That's about it. So it comes as quite a surprise to find Jerzy Kosinski, a novelist of enviable reputation who has previously evinced no inclination for sporting themes, writing with knowledge and intensity about polo in his new novel, *Passion Play* (St. Martin's, \$11.95). It is the story of a man known only as Fabian, a "knight errant" who roams the country in a huge van, playing polo matches for high stakes. The game is his life.

"Fabian had once heard, perhaps at one of those fire-and-brimstone revival meetings he sometimes came upon in his travels, that if God wished truly to lay a man low, he would take from him the sacred flame. Fabian knew that his only fire was polo, his only art the power, mounted and in motion, to strike a moving ball, his only craft the guile to place that ball where he would within the field, undaunted by the presence of other players—he intrude the horse at full gallop, his polo stick a lance at the ready, his brain compressing present, past, future in a single act, matchless, without flaw. Within the compass of this briefest, most incandescent of life's occasions, he was possessed by bliss, surprised by joy, a proteor beyond the realm of known condition and circumstance, a god in a perfect moment of existence."

In a way *Passion Play* is a logical extension of Kosinski's previous work. In his six other novels, the protagonist usually has been a man to whom life itself is a game, a man who plays that game with chilly dispassion and a sometimes cruel disregard for the fate of others. In

*Cockpit* and *Blind Date*, for example, the protagonists see themselves as avenging angels, dispatching with icy swiftness those whom they regard as malefactors, but they are no more capable of lasting human relationships than are the villains whom they eliminate.

At first glance, Fabian seems to be cut from the same cloth. "I don't deliberately hurt people," he says. "I like them. I play with them." He is "a man of undistinguished looks and without obvious charm, with no riches to seduce, no particular skill to enthrall, and no profession that enhanced—above all, a man outside of permanence able to offer only a few hours, days, weeks of his presence."

That is especially true regarding women. Fabian grows through the pages of a magazine called *The Saddle Bride*, looking for pictures of young women with exceptional equestrian abilities. He then makes his way to their towns, establishes himself as their teacher and eventually seduces them. He feels affection for them, but ultimately his motive is seduce and abandon.

Until, that is, he encounters Vanessa Stanhope, the child of a famous equestrian family who possesses a flawed but magical beauty. His connection to her family is complicated because, in a one-on-one polo match, he killed—accidentally, but with murderous motives—one of its most prominent members. Into the bargain, he is more than twice her age.

They fall in love anyway, and the novel moves steadily toward his unavoidable choice between attachment and flight. Fabian's obsession with polo gives way to his obsession with Vanessa. This is perfectly understandable, but it throws the novel off balance: because polo is so central to *Passion Play*'s first half, its near-disappearance in the second half is puzzling. One can't help wondering how deep Fabian's attachment really is to his "sacred flame."

Still, Kosinski is always a provocative writer—and to my mind an entertaining one as well—and *Passion Play* will please his many admirers. As usual, his prose is clipped and vivid, which is all the more remarkable because, as not all readers may know, he grew up in Poland and did not learn English until he was in his 20s. He is a fine descriptive writer who can create and sustain moments of genuine drama, the match in which the Stanhope heir is killed is splendid, as is one against a haughty Latin American aristocrat.

Of Fabian, Kosinski writes, "The essence of competition for him, lay not in the challenge offered by others but always in the challenge posed by himself." That is true of Kosinski, too. As man and as writer he goes his own way, indifferent to literary fashion, creating a body of work that has as one of its central themes the struggle for survival in a difficult, often hostile world. In *Passion Play* he uses the world of sport to continue this inquiry, and to impressive effect. **END**

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## Grand Macnish Sports Flashback

**CLEVELAND, 1954**—Curly Morrison cradled a short swing pass from his quarterback, faked the defensive end out of his socks, and peared into full stride as he saw daylight ahead. Morrison, his 240 pounds tilting forward at top speed, did not see Night Train Lane until the last second.

Night Train, the demon safety, had his 240 pounds rolling with equal velocity when they collided. As the ball popped from Curly's grasp and he went spinning out of bounds, he knew the Night Train had punched him off the rails. Dick (Night Train) Lane gave Fred (Curly) Morrison a hand up, and it was as if the two adversaries remembered the first time they met.

It was in Chicago's Wrigley Field, two years back (1952). Night Train was a rookie with the

Los Angeles Rams and was on his way toward setting the National Football League's all-time, single season interception record (which still stands). Curly, then a halfback with the Bears, came into the game in the second half on this brisk November day and immediately took a soft swing pass from the QB, made a nice fake, and rolled for daylight. Up came the young Night Train, and, CRUNCH!—both halfback and safety-man went careening out of bounds. They tangled several times that afternoon. The Rams won, 40-24, but Curly and Night Train had an even match.

Curly Morrison played seven seasons in the NFL, with the Chicago Bears and Cleveland Browns. Night Train Lane played 14 years, with the Rams, Chicago Cardinals and Detroit Lions

Night Train made the Hall of Fame. He also set the record for most interceptions (14) and most yards returned (296) in a single season, and is second in yardage on the all-time list (1,207). Night Train made the All-Pro team five times.

Curly was one of the NFL's most versatile players, contributing to the success of two NFL Championships in Cleveland (1954-55), a Pro Bowl victory for the East in 1956 and the game winning touchdown against the College All-Stars in 1956. In 1950, Curly had the best punting average in the NFL and in 1955 he had the best rushing average in the league.

"I can tell it now because I don't have to face him anymore," laughs Night Train. "What I admired most about Curly was his classy style. He always looked good. He ran with grace and power. He could catch passes with the best of them. He could

block and he was a great punter. You could hit him with everything you had and he'd wink or slap you on the butt."

"Night Train? Oh, boy, Night Train!" says Curly Morrison. "He was a master at timing the ball; he'd strike like a snake at the last instant. Nobody, but nobody hit harder than the Train."

"I remember the last time we played against him in 1956 in Cleveland. The Browns beat the Cardinals, 24-7. It was my last season. Just before the end of the game, I took a hand-off and busted through the middle, got a jump on the linebacker and had only—you guessed it—Night Train to beat for a touchdown.

We collided on the five yard line and I took everything I had to drag us into the end zone. I had to show that kid who was boss."

Over the years, Night Train and Curly have seen eye to eye on very few things.

Grand Macnish Scotch is one of them.



DICK (NIGHT TRAIN) LANE



FRED (CURLY) MORRISON



Isn't it time we met?

# Sideline

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

A DARING MAN TAKES A REAL FLYER  
ON A MAGAZINE ABOUT BIRD WATCHING

The free spirit that was always lurking within Bill Thompson, 47, of Marietta, Ohio, has finally won out. That's why he has chucked the conventional life—as an executive at Marietta College—and its regular paychecks, and embarked on a wildly speculative venture that may kill him financially. “If so,” he says, “I’ll die with a smile on my face.”

Last year Thompson borrowed \$25,000 and launched a new magazine called *Bird Watcher's Digest*. He knows next to nothing about birds. But “I can now tell a turkey from a parakeet,” he says. “The former is usually in a freezer and the latter in a cage.” In fact, he has been scared stiff of birds ever since, as a six-year-old, he was sent to collect eggs laid by the family's hens and a mean rooster repeatedly chased him out of the coop.

For a long time Thompson and his wife, Elba—she is a barber—had wanted to find a line of work that they and their three children could do together. Thompson first thought of opening a bar, where he could play the piano and Elba could cook, but gave up the idea because the children were too young to work there. Next he decided to raise sheep in Utah, but abandoned that plan when “I found out it took two sheep, and we could only afford one.” The bird magazine was suggested by a birding friend who had lost money publishing *Pro Football Digest*.

The bimonthly *Bird Watcher's Digest*, a sort of feathered *Reader's Digest* that took off last fall, can survive only if it attracts 16,000 to 20,000 readers. So far it has a circulation of only 5,600. “I can't say we're flying yet,” says Thompson, “but we're sure flapping our wings.” A total of 90 articles appeared in the first three issues—after Thompson had culled them from among more than 10,000. He seeks out stories on all aspects of bird watching from newspapers, wire services, magazines—recent issues of *BWD* ran digests of articles from *The New Yorker* and *Natural History*—anywhere. Thompson does minor editing and some condensing, pays authors as little as \$25 for reprint rights and sees his fledgling publication as a compendium of “popular birding literature.” *BWD* (Box 110, Marietta, OH 45750) costs \$7.50 for six issues. With an estimated 40 million bird watchers in this country spending \$500 million annually on their hobby, Thompson thinks *BWD* can make it. That would be proof anew that success doesn't always depend on who you know, or even what you know—but only on how nerdy you are.

END



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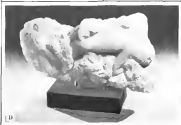
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# The Controller

# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## IN SEARCH OF SANCTUARY

The Carter Administration announced last week that it would allow drilling for oil and gas on the Georges Bank off Cape Cod, one of the world's richest fishing grounds. The decision was a defeat for environmentalists and fishermen who wanted Georges Bank declared a marine sanctuary, a designation that would have prevented oil exploration. Backers of sanctuary status noted that the world suffers a shortage of protein as well as oil and that Georges Bank is the source of 17% of the annual U.S. commercial catch of such bottom-feeding species as cod, haddock and hake. And they expressed concern that drilling would endanger the fishes' habitat.

The decision to allow exploration was defended by Richard A. Frank, director of the Commerce Department's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, which oversees marine sanctuaries and which reached agreement with the Interior Department and the Environmental Protection Agency on the proposed drilling. Frank conceded that "the risks of oil drilling on Georges Bank should not be underestimated; they are serious." But he added, "We intend to take all action we can to protect this rich ecosystem."

There was reason to wonder what action Frank could have in mind. Dr. How and Sanders, a marine biologist at the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institution who has studied the effects of oil drilling on bottom-feeding fish, says, "There is inevitable, chronic low level pollution caused by leakage as a result of drilling. There is no known technology for preventing it. Over a period of time there can be severe environmental damage. Because of drilling and related disruption, the density of certain kinds of animal life is often very low. And that doesn't even consider the damage that would be caused by a blowout."

Sanders stops short of opposing offshore drilling everywhere, choosing in-

stead to emphasize the uniqueness of Georges Bank. He and other environmentalists are alarmed by the Administration's decision. As Sarah M. Bates, a lawyer for the Conservation Law Foundation of New England, puts it, "If the Commerce Department is unwilling to take on the Georges Bank with all its fishery resources as a sanctuary, it seems inconceivable it would take on other valuable areas."

## STEELING FOR THE EXPOS

The hometown Pirates were again in the thick of the National League East race (page 18), but you wouldn't have known it at two of Pittsburgh's favorite watering holes, the Jamestown and the Living Room. Patrons at both establishments crowded the bar to watch the Monday-night telecast of the Washington Redskins' 27-0 rout of the Giants. The Pirates were meanwhile beating the Expos 2-1 in Montreal on another channel, but the viewers were content to let the hard-tender periodically—and briefly—switch to that baseball showdown. In Steeler country, the NFL apparently can dominate the market even with a one-sided early-season game between two out-of-town teams.

The situation aggravates the Pirates, who last year fell just short of overtaking the Phillies for the division title, yet drew only 964,106 fans to finish 11th in attendance among the 12 National League teams. Attendance is higher this season—1,202,848 through last week—but the advance sale for this week's crucial four-game series with the Expos at Three Rivers Stadium was disconcertingly slow. Tauntingly acknowledging their place in Pittsburgh's athletic pecking order, the Pirates were reduced to asking Steelers Rocky Bleier and John Banaszak to give attendance for the big series a lift. Bleier and Banaszak obliged by appearing last week in TV commercials in which they urged Pittsburgh fans to support their pennant-contending baseball team.

## BATTLE OF THE BIG BROWNS

A dispute is raging among sport fishing cognoscenti over the rod-and-reel record for brown trout. For more than a century that record was credited to a certain W. Muir, who supposedly caught a brown weighing 39½ pounds in Scotland's Loch Awe in 1866. Among those who accepted Muir's catch as authentic was *Field & Stream*, long this country's most trusted custodian of game fishing records. To readers of that magazine's annual compilation of records, W. Muir was the Babe Ruth of brown trout anglers.

But then the National Fresh Water Fishing Hall of Fame in Hayward, Wis. began keeping its own records, including in its listings a great many categories that *Field & Stream* didn't deem worthy of consideration. In the course of compiling



its records, the Hall of Fame learned that the British National Anglers' Council never had recognized Muir's feat, having concluded that his big trout had been snagged, jugged by hand or caught by some other unacceptable means. The Hall of Fame reached the same conclusion and bestowed the record on Bob Bringham, who caught a 33-pound, 10-ounce brown trout in Utah's Flaming Gorge Reservoir in 1977. *Field & Stream* meanwhile conducted its own investigation. After uncovering one report that Muir's fish was a salmon, it, too, discredited Muir's record. But instead of Bringham, it recognized Eugenio Cavaglia, who purportedly caught a brown weighing 35 pounds, 15 ounces in Argentina in 1952.

The disagreement over the brown trout record is one of many that exist be-

continued

tween the Hall of Fame and the Florida-based International Game Fish Association, which last year took over the task of maintaining *Field & Stream's* listings. Of the Cavaglia catch, an association spokesman says, "It's well documented. We have no doubts about it." But the Hall of Fame calls documentation it has seen inadequate and sticks with Bringhurst. In a dispute similar to the one between the WBA and WBC over the recognition of boxing champions, the longtime Babe Ruth of brown trout fishermen has, for now anyway, been replaced by two claimants to the title.

#### A QUESTION OF NOMENCLATURE

A study by the Manhattan ad agency Benton & Bowles finds that 48.6% of all tennis players, 44.3% of downhill skiers, 39.4% of backpackers and 36.2% of squash players are women. And a survey by the National Organization for Women reveals that 33% of high school athletes are girls, an increase of 15% since 1972. But NOW says that girls still make up only 15% of high school athletes in Alabama, where things have not gone so well for the women's movement. Holly Knox, director of NOW's Project on Equal Education Rights, notes that the University of Alabama offers partial (\$150 a semester) athletic scholarships to women for the entertainment of male athletes the school wants to recruit. The University calls these coeds "hostesses," but Knox says, "Our dictionary has another name for them."

#### THE SILENCERS

Pro athletes were talking a lot last week about their right to do just that—talk. Several New York Jet players complained when Coach Walt Michaels released Linebacker Bob Martin, who had been engaged in a contract dispute, after Martin openly criticized the team. Reggie Jackson leveled a blast or two at owner George Steinbrenner over a variety of grievances, whereupon Manager Billy Martin threatened to punish Jackson by keeping him on the bench next season. And Montreal Pitcher Bill Lee was joined by officials of the American Civil Liberties Union at a press conference called to protest a \$250 fine that Commissioner Bowie Kuhn levied against him last spring for publicly admitting that he had used marijuana.

Michaels has every right to release a player, and the Yankee brass can threat-

en to bench anybody it chooses, but it should be noted that both actions produced more acrimony than they stopped. As for the Lee case, because possession of marijuana is a crime in all 50 states—and, yes, in Quebec—it is perhaps understandable that Kuhn might have deemed Lee's remarks detrimental to baseball. Yet, Kuhn, too, was only inviting trouble. At his press conference Lee, who believes that refined sugar and caffeine are more dangerous to one's health than Acapulco Gold, wondered why Steve Garvey had not been fined for appearing in Coca-Cola ads. (In fact, the soft drink Garvey plugs is Pepsi-Cola.) And when a reporter asked what would happen if Kuhn levied a \$250 fine against every ballplayer who used marijuana, Lee mischievously replied, "He'd be a very rich man."

The motives of sports officials who try to silence athletes should always be questioned, especially when they are strangely selective in doing so. For example, it remains a mystery why Kuhn didn't fine Cardinal Shortstop Garry Templeton for declaring during a spring-training contract dispute that he wasn't going to try very hard this season. Templeton later said he didn't mean it, but that kind of remark is potentially far more damaging to baseball than Lee's admission that he sprinkled marijuana on his "buckwheat pancakes and other health foods."

#### AD INFINITUM, AD NAUSEAM

Pitcher Bob Kammeyer, who had a 16-8 record and an earned run average of 3.93 this season with Columbus of the International League, was called up last week by the Yankees and appeared in relief two days later in Cleveland. Brought in with the Indians leading the Yankees 4-0 in the fourth inning, Kammeyer gave up seven hits and hit one batter as Cleveland scored eight times on its way to a 16-3 victory. When Manager Billy Martin finally removed him, Kammeyer still hadn't gotten anybody out, thus making it impossible to compute an earned run average for him. As a result, his ERA appeared in the statistics as INF—for infinity.

Other pitchers have briefly had ERAs of infinity—for example, after giving up one or two runs at the start of a season without retiring anybody—but no one can recall a pitcher yielding eight runs in a debut without getting an out. Kammeyer, who had a 5.73 ERA in seven ap-

pearances with the Yankees last year, was a math major for a while at Stanford, so he well understood what his shelling meant arithmetically. "It hurts to see that INF next to my name, but it may be worse when I finally get somebody out," he said. "It'll take a lot of pitching to get my earned run average down."

Kammeyer was right. If he plays again this season—he sat out the five games following his shellacking—and retires the next batter he faces, he will have an ERA of 216.00.

#### FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD

Lake Placid, the little (pop. 2,800) Adirondack town that is staging the 1980 Winter Olympics, last week unveiled its \$16 million arena for figure skating and hockey, a hulking, spider-legged structure that looks as if it's going to leap into the air at any moment. The occasion was the Norton Flaming Leaves Invitational tournament, which attracted 65 figure skaters from 16 countries. Although most nations sent only "B" teams, the Saturday night finale drew a near-capacity turnout of 7,916, the largest crowd ever to attend any kind of event in the town—including the 1932 Olympics.

Before the night's skating, Lake Placid's restaurants were packed to the doors and beyond, a disquieting omen for next February's Olympics, when the local eateries will have to feed the exactly \$1,700 spectators who will be allowed into town each day. While endless lines of sad-eyed visitors waited for a meal of any kind, some of the Lake Placid area's two dozen restaurants were busily pre-selling their tables for February—which will effectively shut out any drop-in trade. After the Olympics, when the snow melts, the town's streets probably will be littered with the bones of those who perished while looking for a bite to eat.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Weeb Ewbank, former Jet coach, asked to assess Joe Namath's performance in a stage production of *Picnic*: "I'll have to wait until I see the films."
- Bill Torrey, New York Islander general manager, on scoring sensation Mike Bossy's new contract: "I'm going to break with tradition to give you details. It's a multiyear contract and for more money than I wanted to pay."
- Ron Meyer, SMU coach, on Rice's 6'8" tight end, Robert Hubble: "When he's covered, he's open."

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**Sports Illustrated**

OCTOBER 1, 1979

# DOWN TO

*In a hectic week, Montreal's Cash slays home safely, the Astros' diving Codeno was ripped at first base.*



*Living up to tradition, the National League again has two hot races. In the East, it's Montreal vs. Pittsburgh; in the West, Cincy vs. Houston*

# THE WIRE

*Pittsburgh's Gantner bolts for first, and two managers, Lincecum (left) and Virdon, reflect contrasting moods.*



CONTINUED

*The Astros had the Reds where they wanted them, at home in the Dome for three big games, but their two victories were one too few* **by RON FIMRITE**

The situation was not one to gladden the heart of a relief pitcher, even one as sanguine about his ability to fulfill his obligations as Joe Sambito of the Astros. As Sambito accepted the ball from his good friend, starting Pitcher Joe Niekro, in the ninth inning of Houston's game with Cincinnati last Saturday evening in the Astrodome, he quickly observed that there was no more room on the bases. Obviously, he must throw strikes. And because there were no outs, it would behoove him also to keep the ball low, because a fly ball could well score a run, and it is his job, as he sees it, to prevent such occurrences. Then, too, this was no ordinary game. If the Astros won it, they would be only a half game behind the

Reds in the National League West entering the final week of the season. His team was leading, 4-1, but the potential winning run was at bat in the person of pinch hitter Hestly Cruz.

"I'm as human as the next guy," Sambito allowed after the game, although the events of the evening would tend to suggest otherwise. "I fail, too. I'd be kidding if I said I wasn't nervous out there."

Sambito went to a two-ball, two-strike count on Cruz and then struck him out swinging. He whiffed a second pinch hitter, Rick Auerbach, also swinging, and his first pitch to a third pinch hitter, Junior Kennedy, resulted in a fly out to a jubilant Jeff Leonard in rightfield. Sambito leaped high off the mound, his cap

flying from his newly barbered head; 46,037 Astromaniacs set up a din now commonly—but once rarely—heard in their great hangar of a ball park; and Reed Robinson, a dwarf in a blond wig and a Union Army cavalryman's uniform, hauled out a toy cannon and fired it in ritual salute of the great victory.

The Astros, down by 2½ games to the Reds with but 10 to play on Friday, had roared from behind on successive nights to transform what was developing into a Reds' cakewalk into a legitimate race, despite a 7-1 Cincinnati victory in Sunday's series finale. But while the Reds-Astros struggle for the championship of the National League West was close, the race in the league's Eastern Division was even tighter, what with Montreal and Pittsburgh also locked in 11th-hour combat. Not since 1974, when there were similarly close races in both National League divisions and in the American League West, had there been so many teams so close with so little time remaining.

That the Astros have a part in this drama will surprise many of their critics, not the least of whom is last weekend's hero, Sambito. "The media had us picked for fourth or fifth," he said after his Saturday-night deeds, "and to be honest with you, I didn't disagree all that much. After spring training I was not that impressed with what I saw on the field. But we have guts and determination. This team has come a long way, and it's been such a pleasure."

Nothing, for certain, has come to the Astros on a platter. They are within four wins of the league record of 42 one-run victories, set last season by the Giants. Dave Kingman alone has hit more home runs (47) than they have. In fact, the Astros should become the first team since the 1949 White Sox to finish the season with more triples than homers. By Sunday, the score was 51 triples to 46 homers. And as of Sunday they had also gone 19 games without hitting a home run, and their last, back on Sept. 1, was hit by a pitcher, J. R. Richard. The last time one of the regulars hit a homer with a man on base was July 6. No wonder Houston's opponents were within 10 runs of outscoring them.

The Astros win with teamwork, defense, speed—181 stolen bases—and, preeminently, with pitching. In preserving Niekro's 20th win so dramatically, the left-handed Sambito also recorded his

*Sambito, Houston's hero of the first two games, picked up a win and a save while allowing no runs*





20th save. "We planned it that way," he explained cheerfully. Richard had 16 wins and was approaching his second consecutive 300-strikeout season. The team ERA after Sunday's game was a division-leading 3.14.

Friday night's series opener with the Reds was vintage Astro baseball. The game matched Cincinnati's Tom Seaver, who has regained his place among the game's finest pitchers, against the menacing 6' 8" Richard. They proved worthy of each other as they entertained another huge, howling Astrodome crowd with a glittering pitching duel. The Reds scored first in typical fashion, Ray Knight hitting a two-run homer in the second inning. The Astros also scored in what has become their usual way. Richard got the first run himself, reaching second on an error by Dan Driessen and scoring on Terry Puhl's single in the third inning. Rafael Landestoy scored the tying run in the seventh by singling, advancing to second on Richard's sacrifice bunt and scoring on yet another Puhl single.

Pitching totally dominated the rest of the game. Seaver has said he doesn't enjoy the Dome with its unnatural light and background, but his discomfort was scarcely apparent this night. He retired for a pinch hitter after nine innings, during which he allowed only the one earned run while walking one and striking out five. Richard went 11 innings, permitting only six runners to reach base over the last nine innings, one of whom, Cesar Geronimo, was given an intentional walk. It was Richard's only walk, and he struck out 15. The seemingly omnipresent Sambito pitched the final two innings, shutting off the Reds with no more runs and only one hit while striking out three.

A socko 13th-inning finish gave Sambito his eighth win. Craig Reynolds led off the climactic inning with a single to right. Cedeno sacrificed him to second, and Cruz was walked intentionally. Cabell grounded to Joe Morgan at second, who backhanded the ball to Shortstop Dave Concepcion to force Cruz. But Cabell, hustling Astro-fashion, narrowly beat Concepcion's throw to first, thereby preventing what would have been an inning-stifling double play. His effort, said Morgan later, "saved the game for them." Danny Heep, pinch-hitting for Sambito, was intentionally walked to load the bases, and reserve catcher Bruce Bochy, a .213 batter at that moment, hit Tom Hume's first pitch into leftfield for



One reason the Reds have surged after the All-Star break is that Bench has hit .311 since then

a 3-2 Houston win. Concepcion tossed his glove high into the indoor air in frustration as the victory celebration formed at the plate.

The Astros, who felt they needed to take all three games in this final matchup with the Reds, had won the first. Less than 24 hours later, they had won the second, and what had seemed an unpromising quest now had possibilities. It remained for Sambito, the ebullient reliever, to explain his team's polished performance in the face of dwindling time and a fierce opponent. "Maybe we're so relaxed because we don't know what's at the end of the rainbow," he said.

But the final game of the series on Sunday left the Astros with the unpleasant sensation that their pot might not be filled with gold after all. A new pitching hero emerged in this game, and he wasn't on the Houston staff. Frank Pastore, a 22-year-old rookie righthander with the face of a cherub, was asked by Red Manager

John McNamara to succeed where Cincy aces Seaver and Mike LaCoss, who lost Saturday's game, had failed before him. "I'm ready," Pastore told McNamara Sunday morning.

And so he was. Pastore held the pesty, if powerless, Astros to one run and nine hits in a complete game victory, striking out five and walking only one—Landestoy—intentionally. As Sambito had before him, Pastore sought valiantly to contain his emotions while pitching—"There is enough pressure without putting more on yourself," he said—but afterward he exulted in the knowledge that he had pitched the game of his life. "That was the apex of what I can do," he said. "Seaver got beat, LaCoss got beat, and the so-called nobody got the win."

The Reds took their usual early lead on a typically prodigious homer to dead centerfield by George Foster, his first in 12 days. Houston tied it up, but the Reds put the game out of reach in a bizarre

continued

five-run fourth. They got the only run they needed when, with Bench on third and Knight on first, Herry Cruz singled, Knight stopping at second. Then Pastore hit a short-range bloop to right that Leonard fielded and fired home to Catcher Luis Pujols. The ball arrived well ahead of Knight, and Pujols spun to tag him. He did, but Knight jostled Pujols' mitt with his elbow and the ball popped out of the pocket—but not all the way out of the mitt—for an instant, or just long enough in the view of Umpire Joe West to declare Knight safe. The argument that followed was academic,

because, as it would turn out, the Reds already had enough runs to win and regain a 1½-game lead, but had Knight been the third out, it would have saved the Astros the embarrassment of an ensuing two-run triple by Dave Collins and another run Collins scored when Lameday's relay to the plate went awry.

The Reds headed home to Cincinnati feeling relieved. "We knew they had to sweep," said Knight. "It's ours to win now," said McNamara. "If we had left here a half game behind, we'd have to be looking for help from other people. I'm happy to be going home ahead." **END**

## UP AND DOWN, IN AND OUT

by Larry Keith

While Pittsburgh was playing Chicago in Wrigley Field last Saturday afternoon the Expos watched the game on television with an interest that was passionately one-sided. Every time the Pirates did something well, the Expos moaned. Every time the Cubs excelled, they cheered. Now it was the bottom of the eighth inning and, even though Pittsburgh led 3-1, the optimism in the visitors' clubhouse in Philadelphia was palpable. Chicago's Scot Thompson was on first base, and Dave Kingman, the major leagues' leading home run hitter and the game's potential tying run, was at the plate. "C'mon, Moon Man," said Montreal Catcher Gary Carter, who wanted Kingman to put a ball in orbit. But when Kingman flied out to leftfield, ending the inning, Carter cursed and slam-dunked a newspaper into a nearby trashcan.

After watching the Pirates complete their 4-1 victory, the Expos went out into the rainy cold and split a doubleheader with the Phillies to cling to a half-game lead in the seesaw National League East race. On Sunday the lead was still half a game as Pittsburgh won 6-0 and Montreal triumphed 7-4. And that is where the merry chase stood when the two teams began a three-day, four-game showdown in Pittsburgh on Monday. As important as those games might be, the eventual winner will probably not be determined until this weekend, when again it will be Pirates vs. Cubs, Expos vs. Phils.

Whichever team finishes ahead will succeed by the skin of its clenched teeth. The young Expos and veteran Pirates

have been one-two—or two-one—every day since July 28. They've exchanged first place seven times, and neither has ever led by more than four games. Usually the difference has been much less, as it was early last week when Montreal (87-57, .604) and Pittsburgh (88-58, .603) opened a Monday-Tuesday series in Olympic Stadium. Pirate First Baseman Willie Stargell, one of the game's leading authorities on pennant races, spoke for both teams when he said, "There's an epidemic on our ball club: the mouth is dry and the stomach churns. But that's excitement, not pressure, the thrill that comes from being where we are."

A large part of Quebec was there with them. More than 111,000 fans, a league record for consecutive games, enjoyed a taut one-run game on Monday night and an 11-inning thriller on Tuesday. Unfortunately for Canada, the Expos lost both, 2-1 and 5-3, to fall two games behind. The Pirates' Don Robinson was the whole show in the first game, pitching a six-hitter and scoring the decisive run after he had singled in the fifth. Stargell settled matters the next night with a two-run homer.

Despite Pittsburgh's momentary success, this was not to be the end of Montreal's impossible dream. "We're disappointed, not discouraged," said Carter. "There are plenty of games left."

True. But so little time remained in which to play them that Montreal had to double up with doubleheaders: seven in the last 19 days of the season, to be

exact, most of them necessitated by early-season rainouts. After losing the pair to Pittsburgh, the Expos were forced to play four games in two days against New York and, thanks to their pitching depth—and the inept Mets—they won them all, 3-1 and 4-1 on Wednesday and 6-3 and 2-0 on Thursday. The Pirates, meanwhile, were splitting a twin bill of their own against Philadelphia, winning 9-6 and losing 6-5, and dropping a single game 2-1. And just like that, only two days after their seemingly disastrous defeat by the Pirates in Montreal, the Expos were back in first.

Should the season end that way, it would mark the fifth time that Montreal Manager Dick Williams has won a league or division title (Boston in '67, Oakland in '71, '72, '73) and the fifth time that Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner has finished second (Chicago in '72, Oakland in '76 and Pittsburgh in '77, '78). As Williams says, "Close only counts in horseshoes." Tanner wants a ring. "You eat your heart out when you lose," he says. "You die. It takes six weeks to get over the season. I want more than anything in this world to win it all."

Both contenders visited Philadelphia last week and provided drama, excitement and controversy aplenty. While



Scoring against Montreal Pirate Parker ignites

Montreal was battering New York, the Pirates played their three with the Phils. The first game of Wednesday night's doubleheader provided several of those unexpected performances that can make a pennant race memorable. Pittsburgh scored its first run on Tim Lincecum's first homer of the season, a year to the day after his only home run of 1978. Trailing 6-1, the Pirates rallied with three runs in the eighth and five in the ninth, the winning runs coming on a pinch triple by Manny Sanguillen, a hero of pennant races past, who entered the game with a pinch-hitting average of .189 and no RBIs. Pittsburgh seemed on the verge of sweeping the doubleheader when it built a 5-1 lead midway through the second game—indeed, some of the fellows in the bullpen were throwing a Frisbee around—but the Pirates didn't get a hit or a run the rest of the evening and the Phillies charged back to win.

The Pirates remained punchless on Thursday night, flitting away their energy in a raging confrontation with Umpire Eric Gregg. The score was 1-1 in the sixth inning when Philadelphia rookie Keith Moreland hit a ball over the left-field fence. Gregg judged the ball fair, and while three runners crossed the plate, the Pirates swarmed from the dugout, the



No joke, Bako—Cash and the Expos have already put it to your Phils. Next they may tag the Bucs



Home, not expecting the play to be as close as it was

bullpen and their playing positions to angrily protest that the ball was foul. They screamed and they hollered and more than a few played bump the ump. Finally, the besieged arbiter sought the advice of Plate Umpire Doug Harvey, who ruled that the ball was indeed foul, thus satisfying the Pirates and many others who had seen the television replay. Even though Pittsburgh won the argument, it lost the game when Philadelphia scored an indisputable run in the following inning and held on to the lead. On Friday afternoon Chicago's Lynn McGlothen beat Pittsburgh 2-0 with a four-hitter. Back in Philadelphia, where the Expos and Phillies were waiting for a game to be postponed by rain, Montreal Second Baseman David Cash said, "I'm feeling better. Those Cubs really put it on the Pirates today."

The first game of Saturday's doubleheader between the Phillies and Expos—a 9-8, 10th-inning loss for Montreal—should have altered the mood of Cash and his teammates, but it didn't seem to. Perhaps it was because the defeat came

in a confrontation played out in such splendid style. There were defensive gems, dramatic home runs, stirring comebacks and managerial gambles. Montreal outfielders threw out runners at third and home; Phillie Mike Schmidt and Expo Third Baseman Larry Parrish hit homers; the lead changed hands three times, and the score was tied once; Phillies Manager Dallas Green asked Schmidt to bunt in the ninth with the tying run already in scoring position, and Williams didn't order a walk for Garry Maddox in the ninth with runners on second and third and first base open. (Schmidt sacrificed successfully; Maddox got a hit.) The Phils won when Schmidt drove in the deciding run off Reliever Elias Sosa, Montreal's seventh pitcher.

The Expos were so visibly upset by all of this that they went out and won the second game 8-2, the most one-sided victory by either contender all week. Montreal may be new at this pennant race business, but as it has proved by winning 33 of 44 games since August 16th, it's learning fast.

END

# KICKING AND CLAWING IN MARYLAND

*Paced by a walk-on who leads the nation in field goals and the NCAA's top rusher, the Terps beat Mississippi State 35-14* **by WILLIAM NACK**

With 10:30 still left in the second quarter and Maryland leading Mississippi State 9-0 last Saturday, Dale Castro trotted out onto the field in Byrd Stadium once again. After almost nonchalantly toeing the 22-yard line, Castro stepped back from the spot where holder Brent Dewitz would place the ball and waited. By now, the scene that ensued had become as predictable and familiar as the gray clouds scudding overhead on this windy, rainy afternoon in College Park, Md.

This was the fourth time in 14 minutes that Coach Jerry Claiborne had sent in Castro to try a field goal. At the end of Maryland's first series of downs, Claiborne had called on Castro to boot one from 45 yards out. It was good. Up went the officials' arms. Up went the roar of the Maryland cannon. Up from their seats came the Terrapin fans. Up went the score: 3-0. Less than a minute into the second quarter, Castro struck again, this time from 29 yards, to make it 6-0, and 2:38 later he had hit once more, this time from 18 yards, to make it 9-0.

And now, he was ready to try a fourth time. Like all good field-goal kickers, Castro has a stroke that's as grooved as a golfer's. "It's natural to me," he says. "I think: 'Keep the head down. Follow through. And point the toe of the plant foot—the left foot—toward the goalposts.' If I do that, I know the ball will go there."

The ball did go there, to give Maryland a 12-0 lead. Though Castro didn't know it at the time, his kick had tied the NCAA record for the most field goals kicked in a half. More important, it was another indication of why Maryland is 3-0 and a surprise contender for a Top 20 ranking and the ACC title.

The Terrapins went on to crush Mississippi State 35-14, and Castro's kicking—he had a fifth field goal, a 42-yarder, in the fourth quarter, and punted four times for an average of 41.8 yards—earned him MVP honors for the game. Moreover, he is now the leading kicker in the nation, having connected on all

10 of his field-goal tries this season. His 36 points also tie him for the NCAA scoring lead. And all this from a walk-on, who had come to Maryland as a baseball recruit in the hope he could earn a scholarship with his pitching.

Castro never got to show his smoke, because he came down with mono-nucleosis in the fall of his freshman year and spent his days watching football workouts. He had kicked in high school at Shady Side, Md. and began to figure that he could boot the ball as well as anyone he had seen in a Maryland jersey. So, he tried out. By the start of the next season, he had won a scholarship—in football.

If this saga of a man stepping out of nowhere to perform heroics seems a bit unlikely, be advised that, in effect, this is what has happened to a number of the football players at College Park this fall. For the Terps this has been a season of walk-ons, rookies and replacements stepping in to play magnificently. Certainly foremost among them is sophomore Charles DeGraffenreid Wysocki, a substitute running back in his freshman year who has become the No. 1 ballcarrier in the nation.

As might be expected, as the Terps' star, Wysocki has the most startling tale to tell. Born the 12th of 14 children of a struggling black family in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., he is today the third child of an affluent white family from the same town. At the start of the ninth grade, DeGraffenreid was befriended by Steve Wysocki, the son of Stan Wysocki, a masonry contractor, and his wife Pat. Not long after Steve first brought Charlie to his house to watch home movies of their Meyers High football games, the Wysockis invited the youngster back for dinner. That was just the beginning. In fact, every Tuesday night that fall, young DeGraffenreid dined at the Wysockis'.

"It seemed like we opened the door, Charlie came in and that was that," says Stan Wysocki. "He just became part of the family. That's the way it happened."

"I simply thought my parents [the Wy-

sockis] were great people," Charlie says.

Through that first year, as Charlie attended ninth grade, he spent increasingly more time at the Wysocki home. By the spring he was stopping by so often for breakfast that Pat Wysocki gave him a key so he could let himself in. That summer he vacationed with the Wysockis in Atlantic City, and by the beginning of the next school year, he had moved into their house. "When somebody is born into the family," says Millie Wysocki, Charlie's older sister, "you don't think about whether you're going to love him or her. You love the new kid simply because he or she is your brother or sister. It was the same with Charlie. It was like this was his place."

The elder Wysockis treated Charlie as if he were one of their own children, even giving him an allowance; and the summer following his sophomore year in high school, Stan and Pat adopted him legally. It seemed the natural thing to do. "At that point, he had been here so long and we felt so close to him that we already thought of him as a member of the family," Stan says.

Charlie Wysocki is guarded about why



he left his natural family. He wants to put that part of his life in his past, he says. Whatever his reasons, his natural mother consented to sign the adoption papers, although reluctantly. "I just did it to satisfy Charles," she says now. "But I didn't want to do it."

Though the formal adoption was complete with the signing of the papers, it wasn't until his senior year that Charlie made the final break, legally changing his name from DeGraffenreid to Wysocki. By that time it was clear that Stan and Pat had a football star as well as a new son. Stan still groans when he thinks about the recruiters. "Wherever you go, they follow you," he says. "It's letters. It's telephones. It's unreal."

"One night a Wyoming coach was here showing films. The Maryland coach was lying on the floor watching them. Then the doorbell rang, and the Maryland coach answered it. It was a Temple coach. He sat on the couch watching the films."

Maryland won the recruiting war, and this year Claiborne's persistence has begun to pay dividends. Wysocki is the leading rusher in the nation with a

159.3-yards-per-game average, having gained 478 yards on 89 carries, and is second in all-purpose running with a 178.7 average.

"It's good to have a runner like Charlie back there," says Kervin Wyatt, an offensive guard who at 6'1" and 242 pounds has two inches and 52 pounds on Wysocki. "Charlie doesn't have that great, great speed, but he still picks up those yards in a hurry. And I'll tell you, he'll break some tackles."

Which is just what he did Saturday. He scored the first Terp touchdown on a 10-yard blast that seemed to come to a stop on the two, but Wysocki lunged into the end zone. In scoring his second TD, on a 73-yard zigzag gallop, he shook off three Bulldogs who had clear shots at him.

While Wysocki and Castro are leaders in national statistics, they are merely members of a pack of relative newcomers who have emerged boldly in a season during which the Terps figured to struggle. And that forecast came even before Claiborne lost several key players to injuries. Among the casualties is Defensive Back Lloyd Burruss, who broke his right leg and tore ligaments in

his right ankle in preseason training. He is out for the year. And so, probably, is the team's best defensive lineman, Marlin Van Horn, who sustained a knee injury. And so is Eric Sievers, the starting tight end, who suffered a compression fracture of the left tibia. The secondary has been decimated. Not only is Burruss finished for the season, but starters Steve Trumble (separated shoulder) and John Baldante (strained knee ligaments) are sidelined. To make matters worse, on Saturday Defensive Tackle Ed Gall bruised his right knee and will miss next week's game against Kentucky.

Still, the Terps have kept right on winning; moreover, they seem to be improving with each game. They struggled to beat Villanova 24-20 in their opener and then upset Clemson 19-0, but they mauled Mississippi State. "When I first came here, we won the ACC championship," Wyatt says. "Last year it escaped us. This year we want it back. No matter how many people are hurt, we're going to fight to get it." With Castro and Wysocki, who have already proved they can challenge the odds and win, the Terps may, in fact, do that very thing. **MS**

Kicking four of his five field goals in the first half, Castro tied a record



Wysocki, who has rushed for 159.3 yards per game, scored two TDs





Once the booted back, Rocky Bell is now the big back in the Buccaneers' offensive offense.

## TIME FOR GOOD TIMES IN TAMPA BAY

Once the NFL's sorriest team—not to mention losers of 26 games in a row—the Bucs have arrived. They're 4-0 after beating the Rams in a driving rain

by JOE MARSHALL

In his inimitable style, Tampa Bay Coach John McKay announced one day last week, "The Bucs are going to make history. On Sunday we're going to start the same guys for the fourth week in a row, unless someone gets hurt between now and then licking an ice-cream cone." Unfortunately for the Los Angeles Rams, the Buccaneers didn't encounter any physical difficulties with their double dips of Neapolitan Nut, and then on Sunday afternoon, before the largest crowd in Tampa Bay history—69,497—they treated the Rams like so much mushy Marshmallow Swirl by routing them 21-6.



*Having beaten Safety Nolan Cromwell, Buc Tight End Jimmie Giles reaches out for a Williams pass*

As a result, the Bucs are unbeaten, untied and unbelievable, not to mention holding a two-game lead over second-place Minnesota and Chicago in the NFC Central. Not bad for a team that entered the NFL in 1976 and proceeded to lose its first 26 games, and a team that has known only one place—last.

Standing outside the Tampa Bay dressing room after the Bucs' fourth straight victory, Running Back Ricky Bell had the first word on the arrival of the Bucs as a real live rock 'em, sock 'em football team. "We've had the bad times," Bell said, "and now the good times are here."

*continued*





Lee Roy Selmon helps Cecil Johnson (58) bring down Ram tight end Terry Nelson after a short gain.



Williams rifled TD passes of 15 and 29 yards during Tampa Bay's 27-point second-quarter blitz.

#### BUCCANEERS continued

During the bad times Bell, the NFL's No. 1 draft pick in 1977, was booed regularly by the Tampa Bay fans, who couldn't understand why he wasn't running for hundreds of yards each game as he had done at USC. Bell, of course, didn't want to tell anyone that until recently Tampa Bay's offensive line couldn't open a hole in a doughnut factory.

But in the wind and rain on Sunday, Bell, operating behind a mobile wall of young blockers, crashed through the Rams for 69 yards on 18 carries, and when he left the game in the waning moments, the crowd gave him a standing ovation.

For one fleeting moment on Sunday, though, the Bucs looked just like their old stumblebum selves. On a third-and-10 play at the Tampa Bay 30 in the first quarter, Buc Quarterback Doug Williams, who normally throws at laser speed, tried to dump a short, soft pass into the right flat. The ball was picked off by Ram Linebacker Jim Youngblood, and he returned it 31 yards for a touchdown and a 6-0 L.A. lead. Ah, yes, the rout was on.

But Williams, who suffered a broken jaw last season when he was brusquely sacked by Youngblood and Defensive End Fred Dryer, quickly shook off the interception. Two plays into the second quarter, following Tampa Bay Nose Tackle Bill Kollar's recovery of Lawrence McCutcheon's fumble at the L.A. 27, Williams hit Wide Receiver Larry Mucker with a 15-yard touchdown pass to tie the score at 6-6, and Neil O'Donoghue kicked the extra point for a 7-6 Tampa Bay lead. Now the real rout was on.

Williams skillfully moved the Bucs 84 and 70 yards for touchdowns later in the second quarter. Bell scored the first on a five-yard bolt up the middle, and then, with just 33 seconds left in the half, Williams tossed a 29-yard scoring pass to Tight End Jimmie Giles.

While Williams was igniting the Buc offense, the Selmon brothers—Lee Roy and Dewey (see cover, pouncing on Lawrence McCutcheon)—were firing up a marauding Tampa Bay defense. All week long McKay had geared the Bucs for L.A. Quarterback Pat Haden, who had played for McKay in three Rose Bowl games at USC, by saying, "I know a few things that Pat doesn't like, which he's going to see."

What Haden—and later his backup, continued



# EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



## **1870. The first transcontinental train trip.**

On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

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Vince Ferragamo—saw too often were three Bucs rushing him and eight Bucs dropping into pass coverage. Unable to throw deep, Haden had to resort to hamless short throws to his backs, who accounted for 13 of the Rams' 17 receptions. In all, Los Angeles put the ball in the air 35 times, but gained a mere 97 yards. The Rams' running game was just as bad, producing only 110 yards. In the fourth quarter, Tampa Bay never let L.A. cross midfield. In effect, the Bucs' defense shut out the Rams' offense. "Today we played defense about as well as we can," said McKay.

How do the Bucs take their sudden success? Well, Linebacker Dewey Selmon says he notes a new price among his teammates. "When the players go out now," Dewey says, "a lot of them are wearing their Buc T-shirts in public." Brother Lee Roy, who has developed into one of the NFL's best defensive ends, sees the change in more personal terms. "I don't have to go to the drive-in window at McDonald's anymore," he says. "Now I feel safe walking right into the restaurant."

For the most part, Tampa Bay's fans showed surprising good humor during what Bell called the "bad times." When the fledgling Bucs were threatening to produce back-to-back winless seasons—they failed by only two games, winning their final two outings of 1977—T-shirts appeared which showed a Buccaneer ship doing down and bore the inscription, GO FOR A. When a local newspaper asked its readers to submit suggestions on how Tampa Bay owner Hugh Culverhouse might get the Bucs straightened out, one fan advised him, "Sell the franchise. Erect two golden arches over Tampa Stadium and sell hamburgers."

But there were also some inhospitable moments. During one loss Bell almost went into the stands after a heckler, and after another, McKay was showered with soda, no doubt by a fan wearing the once-popular THROW MC KAY IN THE BAY T-shirt.

"Getting through the last couple of years took guts on Coach McKay's part because everyone in the whole town was against him," says Dewey Selmon, who became the quarterback of the Bucs' defense when McKay converted him from a down lineman to an inside linebacker in 1977. "Our team was like the stock

market. It was in a depression. He had two choices: sell us out by trading for more experienced players, or ride out the depression with the young ones he had. It would have been easy to shift the blame to us by simply suggesting that we couldn't do the job. But he stuck with us. He stood up and said, 'This is my plan and it'll work.' You've got to give him credit." The Bucs did just that by awarding McKay the game ball on Sunday.

**M**ost of McKay's critics in the club's first three years focused on his in-offensive offense. Completing a forward pass appeared to be as complex an endeavor to the Tampa Bay players as balancing the federal budget. Things were so bad in 1977 that the Bucs didn't score a touchdown at home until the final game of the season. One excuse was injuries; in their first three years the Bucs used a total of 20 different interior linemen on offense, and McKay started nine different quarterbacks, none with much success.

Healthily now, and with Williams installed at quarterback, the Bucs ranked second in the NFL in yards rushing before the Rams game. Twice in their first three games they broke the team's single-game rushing record. Most important, they're finally getting into the end zone, which is what offense is all about. Tampa Bay scored three times as many touchdowns in the second quarter against L.A. as it did in the month of November—four games—in 1977.

The offense actually started to take shape last season when Williams, the Bucs' first-round pick from Grambling in the 1978 draft, took over at quarterback, before drafting Williams. McKay had tried to acquire Haden from the Rams. In his first appearance Williams dropped back, flicked his wrist and sailed the ball 60 yards downfield. The pass just missed the outstretched fingers of Wide Receiver Isaac Hagns, but to Tampa Bay's long-suffering fans it didn't matter. Help had arrived. They rose en masse and gave Williams an ovation.

The 6'4", 215-pound Williams has a quick release and he is very mobile, one reason why he was sacked only six times last year and has not been bagged once this season. But Tampa Bay is no one-man team.

By the end of the '78 season McKay was already plotting ways to surround Williams with a better supporting cast. He decided to shift starting Defensive End Charley Hannah to offensive right tackle, a sound move considering Hannah's bloodlines; his brother John is an All-Pro guard with the Patriots. Then, in the off-season McKay traded starting Nose Tackle Dave Pear to Oakland for a second- and a third-round draft choice. He used the second-round pick to take Guard Greg Roberts of Oklahoma, the Outland Trophy winner who opened holes for Heisman Trophy winner Billy Sims. Forthwith, Roberts was stationed next to Hannah.

McKay later drafted Arkansas Running Back Jerry Eckwood and, after a brief look in training camp, installed Eckwood at halfback and moved Bell to fullback. Eckwood responded by setting a Buc rushing record with 121 yards in Tampa Bay's 31-16 opening-game win over Detroit. He contributed 59 yards Sunday and has 332 in the Bucs' four wins. So who's Eckwood?

There was a time when he was mentioned in the same breath with Bell. While at Brinkley (Ark.) High School, Eckwood was named to an All-America backfield that also included Houston's Earl Campbell and Buffalo's Terry Miller. Through the first seven games of his sophomore season at Arkansas, Eckwood ran neck and neck with Bell, then a USC junior, in the race for the NCAA rushing title.

But in the eighth game Eckwood was clipped on a pass play and suffered torn cartilage in his right knee. That finished him for the season, and leg miseries hobbled him for the next two, one of which he spent as a redshirt. Last year Eckwood was mostly a blocking back for Ben Cowins. "Cowins and I had the same rushing average, but I had 78 fewer carries," says Eckwood. However, he was drafted earlier than Cowins, who was cut by Philadelphia before the season.

While Eckwood is readjusting to the football limelight, his wife Valerie is studying mortuary science. Says Eckwood, "She's the one who puts a happy face on you when it's all over."

When it was all over Sunday, all the Bucs were wearing happy faces—and they were very much alive. **END**

# PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

**It was a long trek, but heavyweight Earnie Shavers made it to his dream house. Will Larry Holmes pay for it?**

**by WILLIAM NACK**

He did not buy the kind of place he really wanted, the kind he had envisioned as a kid—a great big Southern Colonial mansion, with lofty white pillars and live oaks shading the stately facade. "Like my master used to have," says Earnie Shavers, breaking into laughter. "Well, no, not really. . . ."

The place he found not long ago isn't exactly the fulfillment of his youthful dream, but it is close enough in size and elegance that any antebellum plantation owner would have been proud to call it home. Pressing matters having taken him away from the mansion these days, Shavers carries around a sales brochure describing it, as if to remind himself how far he's come to get where he's at, which is right there in Mecca, Ohio.

"The very finest estate in Trumbull County," reads the brochure. "Deer roam the 70 acres surrounding this beautiful 3-year-old French Normandy manor house that overlooks a stocked lake. One wing 40 x 60 encloses a 22 x 40 heated indoor pool for year-round swimming. Seven bedrooms, three suites, seven full bathrooms with gold fixtures, two half-baths, sauna and steam room. Easily accessible with private landing field and hangar."

Shavers acquired this palatial abode about four months ago, but he has yet to spend much time in it. His wife LaVerne and their five little girls moved in a few weeks ago. Though a family man at heart, Shavers could not be there for the move from nearby Warren. He was in the Catskills in upstate New York, running the slopes of the golf course at the Concord Hotel, sparring and skipping rope in the

hotel gym, living in relative solitude in a split-level house on a side road not far from the hotel. In short, training for his second—and surely his final—chance to become heavyweight champion of the world. Shavers is scheduled to meet Larry Holmes, holder of the World Boxing Council's version of the title, this week in Las Vegas. Until then, his manor will have to wait.

"Cost me \$575,000 for everything, ducks and all," Shavers says. "Plenty of room for everything. Each kid has her own bathroom, her own bedroom. The girls want a couple of sheep. One wants a pony. Lots of fish in the lake: bluegill, bass, catfish, sunfish. And I'm going to stock it with walleyed pike. Ken Norton closed the deal; Larry Holmes will pay it off."

Norton indeed closed the deal—and perhaps his career as a serious heavyweight contender—last March in Las Vegas. In the first round the former champ made the unpardonable mistake of backing away from Shavers and lapsing into a take-and-counter rope-a-dope. Closing in as Norton backed off, Shavers froze him with sharp blows to the body, forcing Norton to drop his guard, and then caught him with a terrible swift left hook to the temple that unplugged Norton's faculties. The rest was almost a formality. With Norton helpless, Shavers threw more punches in the ensuing minute than he had thrown in any five rounds in his life. He finished up with a stinging left hook that toppled Norton and a right hand that clipped him as he went down. Miraculously, Norton regained his feet, but he went down again when Shavers

hit him with a right uppercut. With astonishing swiftness, Shavers had not only earned the down payment on his house but also set up the championship fight with Holmes.

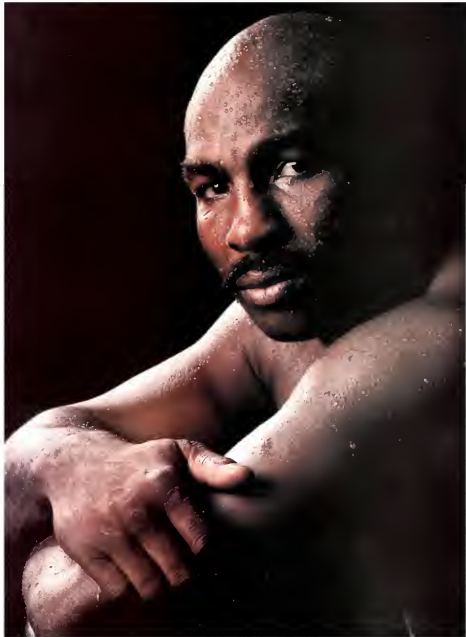
"I've sacrificed and worked hard for what I have," Shavers says. "A lot of guys wouldn't fight me, figuring they'd get killed. Like Norton. He was scared to death of me. He wouldn't look me in the eyes before the fight. The Garden once offered him \$1 million to fight me, but he turned it down. But he had to fight me this time to get a shot at the title. It was as simple as that."

Few things have been as simple as that in the life and career of Earnie Shavers. The Norton bout summed up Shavers as a fighter. No fighter in the world can hit a man more devastatingly than Shavers can, or do it as readily with either hand. Not since the days of Sonny Liston has there been a puncher—a banger, in the argot of the fight game—of Shavers' power. But going in against Norton, Shavers, 35, had been written off as an aged elephant ready for the walk. His first-round knockout changed all that. And not too surprisingly, because such is the nature of the puncher. When boxers lose their legs, they fade away, and the legs are the first things to go; old bangers linger on, for their punch is the last thing to forsake them.

Shavers' dismantling of Ken Norton marked the 55th time in 65 pro fights (he has won 57 of them) that he has knocked out his opponent. Of the 55 KOs, 51 have occurred before the end of the fifth round, 42 before the end of the third. True, in his 10-year career, Shavers has fought a lot of nobodies in some very outback places—Stateline, Warren, Bryant, Beaumont and Monroeville. But the cold stats remain: no fighter in modern history has knocked out a higher percentage of his opponents than this son of a former Alabama sharecropper. One more KO and unimaginable wealth would have been his. On Sept. 29, 1977 Shavers was a half-punch away from winning the heavyweight championship.

*continued*

*Perhaps the most devastating puncher, Shavers has 55 knockouts in 65 professional fights.*



onship and becoming the first fighter to knock out Muhammad Ali. Shavers hit Ali a blow in the second round that had the champ on dream street. Ali, his legs buckling, deftly went into one of his routines, wobbling his legs and widening his eyes as if to feign astonishment. Thinking Ali was faking, Shavers stayed away. Had he bored in, throwing everything he had, surely the champion would have gone. Ali won the fight, one of his most desperate, on a decision.

"I don't think there's a man alive who can take a full-force Shavers punch more than once," says Madison Square Garden's vice-president John Condon.

"He's on a par with Liston as a puncher," says Gil Clancy, the former trainer of George Foreman. "Foreman was a clubber. Earnie has more snap in a punch than George had. Earnie can probably hurt you more with one punch."

Shavers' power is natural, and he began getting the maximum out of it when he was young. He has labored most of his life. Born in Garland, Ala., where he picked cotton when he was little more than a toddler, the 5-year-old Shavers moved North with his family in 1949 to a small homestead in Newton Falls, Ohio. Along with nine siblings, he spent his childhood there. His father, Curtis, worked in a car-bumper factory, and his mother, Willie Bell, was a maid in the Christ Episcopal Church in nearby Warren.

On their farm of about 20 acres, they raised livestock—a couple of goats, a few sheep, some chickens and pigs, a cow or two. They made their own butter and grew beans, corn, tomatoes and a little wheat, mostly for their own consumption. They had a big field of strawberries, which the Shavers girls sold at a roadside stand. They were up early, milking and plowing, and they worked late. Earnie was a hired hand in a neighbor's fields, too, cutting hay, harvesting corn, threshing and lifting giant sacks of wheat. After school he also worked at a local motel, planting and weeding flowers, and he earned extra money trapping small animals—muskrats and weasels mostly—on the family property. "That's how I made my Christmas money," Shavers says. "I'd sell furs, a couple of hundred dollars worth a year. We never had a lot of money, but we always had plenty to eat. We had nothing to waste, but we got by."

Out of this experience grew Shavers' almost obsessive sense of family, his con-

suming interest in the security of his wife and kids. Speak to him about anything—about why he fights, a business he does not particularly like, about the past and the future and the manor house in Mecca—and his talk inevitably comes round to his kin, his kids especially, and home and security.

On the fight with Holmes: "This is all my dreams, my wife's dreams, my kids' dreams, things we've thought about—security for the family. I've had a good life, a full life; I've had all I ever wanted. Now I'm looking out for the kids."

On fighting for a living: "I don't love the fight game. It's just a means of getting security. You ever see a lion tamer who enjoys his job? When I go from the fight game, that's it."

On hurting people in the ring: "Just a job. No one'll take care of my kids but me. I don't hate the guy, but I want him out of there. It's security for the family."

So goes the litany. He has been a provider for virtually all his life. When he graduated from Newton Falls High in 1963 he turned down scholarships to play small-college football to go to work for the B&O Railroad laying track and ties. For three years he was employed at the

Poison Rubber Co. making inner tubes. From there he moved to Republic Steel, where he chipped and ground the edges off red-hot ingots as they came out of molds. It was a hot and nasty job, and he would sweat off 10 pounds a day. Shavers was married by then, to his high school sweetheart, and raising a family.

"He was always looking around for a better job, for something to improve himself," LaVerne says. Leaving Republic, he went to work for General Motors, fitting bumpers with lights and rubber tips.

In 1967, while at GM, a friend suggested that Shavers come down to the gym. Is there an older story in boxing? Shavers went, of course, and found out soon enough that he could bang. "I knew the first day in the gym that I could punch," he says. "Boom! One punch and I hurt 'em." Thirty months later he knocked out Charles Elder of the U.S. Navy to win the National AAU heavyweight title. "You kept hearing about all the money in boxing," Shavers says. "This guy makes \$50,000, that guy \$100,000." So he left GM in 1969 to turn professional.

He was a banger from the beginning, knocking out Red Howell in the second round of his pro debut in Akron, and in his first four years as a pro, he lost only



twice. In Shavers' third fight Stan Johnson decimated him—"a little cute," Shavers says, "a hit-and-run guy"—and Ron Stander stopped him in five in 1970. There was a stretch in which Shavers knocked out 27 straight opponents, making a name for himself as the quintessential headhunter. They dropped like flies. Jimmy Young went in three in February 1973, and four months later Jimmy Ellis fell in one. But throughout this period, Shavers' stamina was questioned, because his fights rarely went long enough to test it. When they did, he had a tendency to tire and loop his punches. And his chin became suspect, too. Six months after he dispatched Ellis, Shavers was knocked out by Jerry Quarry in the first round.

Those were hard days for Shavers. He had been fighting professionally for four years, often in obscure arenas against nameless opponents for very little money, and he was having trouble getting fights. Headhunters are often out of work. Sometimes he wished he had stayed on the bumper line at General Motors. There was the day when a fight with George Chuvalo fell through at the last minute. Shavers packed his gear in his beat-up blue station wagon and drove

home to Warren. "He had pots and pans and boxing gear in the back," says LaVerne. "He looked like one of those prospectors. All he needed was a mule." As Shavers unloaded his gear, LaVerne put it back in the car.

Shavers had had it. "I quit," he told her. "I'm giving it up. I'm going back to GM."

LaVerne bristled. At first she had not wanted him to fight, but now, after all this time, she could not see him giving up. "You're not going to quit because someone else has problems," she told him. "If you quit, then quit for your own reasons. I can't see you quitting like this."

Shavers decided to stick it out. "But I was depressed, really depressed," he says. "One time we had eight, nine fights in a row that fell through." And he was not getting along with his manager, Blackie Gennaro, who was taking half his purses. Shavers tried more than once to buy his way out of his contract with Gennaro, but failed every time. "He wanted outrageous amounts of money," Shavers says.

Shavers floundered through 1974 and 1975, hitting the bottom when Ron Lyle knocked him out in six, but he re-emerged suddenly and dramatically by knocking out Henry Clark in September 1976 and then came back in a desperate finish to punch out Roy Williams. That led to the title shot against Ali in the fall of 1977, a \$300,000 payday and a national name. Which led, in turn, to Shavers' first fight with Larry Holmes, who danced and jabbed him silly for 12 rounds, making the embarrassed Shavers look like the oldest man in boxing. "After being off for five months, we had only 4½ weeks to get ready," Trainer Frank Luca says. "Blackie Gennaro wouldn't let us go into training be-

cause the contracts hadn't been signed."

Shavers sighs. "Gennaro had me so confused, I'm lucky I did anything right. He wouldn't spend the money before a fight. We argued and fought every doggone day. There was only confusion. Every day Gennaro was crying about spending money: 'Cut down expenses. You got too many guys in camp. How much is your food bill?' I couldn't think. My mind was always somewhere else. But that's over now. The main thing now is I can think. My mind is clear."

Shavers bought out Gennaro for \$40,000 after the Holmes fight. It was a new, streamlined Shavers who fought Norton, Luca says, and Holmes will be seeing the new model this week. The headhunter, nearing middle age, says he has discovered that there's a body to be had down below. It was body punching that froze Norton, and Shavers intends to use more of the same on Holmes. "The body slows everything down right now," Shavers says. "Ask Norton. My trainer always says, 'Go to the body. Go to the body.' The guy's right. Learning the fight game is a long process—experience. A lot of guys fight their whole lives and never learn. I'm thinking now. You hit 'em in the body, it takes all the fight out of them. I started seeing it before the last fight, before Norton. I was cracking up ribs, and sparring partners were complaining. One guy started wearing a ski jacket because I was busting him up so bad. Holmes doesn't have that strong a body. I'll cut the ring off, put pressure on him, make him fight, slow him down, hit the body."

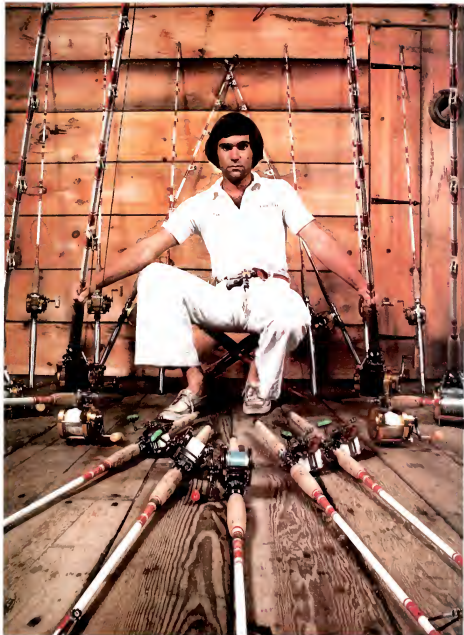
Shavers listens as Luca leans forward. "Earnie's thinking how to totally destroy an opponent. He used to stay upstairs too much. He's a better fighter. He'll be training nine weeks for this fight, just as he did for Norton. Holmes is going to be shocked to find a different man in front of him. I don't think the fight will go five rounds. This is Earnie's golden opportunity. Few men get a chance to fight for the heavyweight championship of the world once in their lives. He's in for the second time, and he knows what it means to him."

What it will mean, after nine long weeks of training in the Catskills is a one-way ticket back to Mecca. There's that new house to settle into and muskrat to trap and sheep to buy and bass to catch. He will bring the title home, he says, and savor it and all it means: "A million for the first defense, right?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN



Shavers' Normandy Manor is situated on 70 acres. Among the extras is a heated indoor pool, a private landing field and, of course, a pond for his ducks.





**T**he great fish—notably the tunas—that migrate through the open sea are built for speed and stamina, and so are the sportfishing boats that chase them, costly craft with cavernous gas tanks, a fact that bodes well for the future of the fish. But that is another story. Those who can still afford to go after the great fish nearly always do so with five-pound reels, rods like broomsticks, 80- to 150-pound-test lines and heavy ropes for displaying their catch at dockside. And then there is Tred Barta of New York City, admirer of tunas, swordfish, marlin and mako sharks, an extreme conservationist, though he didn't plan it that way, and the originator of a philosophy he calls "the joy of losing fish."

The 27-year-old Barta courts joy with wispy lines. His favorite fish to not catch is the yellowfin tuna, a very tough little number. For five years Barta had a perfect record with yellowfins; he hooked 110 of them on six-pound-test and lost them all. Meanwhile he was spending up to 25 hours a week studying kinetic-energy tables, test strengths, hook designs, reel drags and reel-spool dynamics. In August 1978 he hooked yellowfin No. 111. He fought it for three hours and 27 minutes, and he won. The loser weighed 63½ pounds, a world record—by an astonishing 30¼ pounds—for six-pound line.

"No one understood what I was doing out there all those years," Barta says, reflecting on that feat. "In our society the only thing that counts is a fish on the dock—results. So I really had to have my act together. When I'd come back and say, 'I had the greatest trip of my life. I blew a 350-pound mako shark on six,' people just didn't understand."

People never have.

In the spring of Barta's senior year at Maine's Hinkley School, as part of an independent study program, he set out for two months alone in the wilderness north of the Rangeley Lakes region. A paper about the experience was to have been entitled *What Is Man?* It wound up *What*

*Am I?* "I was confused," Barta recalls. "I figured that by isolating myself from the outside world I would establish a more meaningful set of values than the ones I had."

For two weeks he cried every night and then one morning he woke and said to himself, "I'm miserable, and I'm going to be here another 45 days, so I'd better start doing things differently." He discovered that even the most menial chores, making lean-tos, for example, could be rewarding. "I had to make them so that I was proud of them," he says, "because there was no one to tell me how good they looked."

"I'd known nothing of true personal satisfaction. I didn't know who I was. I

## OH, THE JOYS OF LOSING FISH

**Tred Barta may never fill the fish box—he lost 110 yellowfin before landing a record on six-pound-test—but he's hooked on light tackle** *by DAN LEVIN*

was what people said I was, captain of the ski team, captain of the tennis team, what others wanted me to be. Six-pound-test line? Ha, the Tred Barta of these days would be out there with a harpoon, filling the boat with sharks, to impress the people on the dock."

Barta enrolled in the University of Colorado, mainly for the skiing. He was a business major, but, he says, "They were training people to be accountants, to fit into corporate niches, and I wanted to be an entrepreneur." So he quit after his sophomore year and went to work for his father's firm, Joseph T. Barta Associates, Inc. of Armonk, N.Y., dealers in used—they call them prior-owned—executive aircraft. Tred handles all the purchasing, he has logged more than 4,500 hours as a pilot, including eight crossings of the Atlantic, and he loves his job. But he has come to love

his days at sea much more. "Business doesn't offer you the essential conflict that nature does," he says. But nature doesn't offer you the essential means of purchasing \$60,000 custom offshore boats with cruising ranges of 320 miles, such as Barta's 2-year-old, 32-foot Forest and Johnson Prowler, *Randi-Strike*.

After work on a recent Friday Barta flew a company twin-engine Beechcraft to Westhampton, on Long Island, where he and his wife of three years, Randi, had a house for the summer. He sharpened hooks until 1:30 a.m., set the alarm for 3, and at 4 the *Randi-Strike* passed through nearby Shinnecock Inlet—minus Randi, as usual—heading southwest. Barta's destination was the Hudson Canyon, a deep cleft in the ocean bottom at the edge of the continental shelf. *Randi-Strike* would be all alone out there. Few other Long Island boats ever make the

*continued*

*With his array of ultralight rigs, the 27-year-old Barta is ready for tuna, swordfish or whatever*

80- to 110-mile run. "Some people call me crazy for going out so far, that there are plenty of fish closer to land," says Barta. "But I know what the capabilities of my boat are, and besides, there's something very romantic about being out there. I feel sorry for those people and they probably feel sorry for me."



*A dousing revives Barta during a long battle.*



*Barta spends 25 hours a week setting the test of his line.*

As his boat headed for the canyon, Barta outlined his strategy for the day. He would troll five baits, bellyhoo on two 12-pound-test lines and squid on two sixes and a four. That meant some quick decisions would have to be made. As Barta said on the way out, "If a yellowfin takes a six and I know it's under 64 pounds, the record, I won't think twice about breaking it off. If we see a swordfish about 200 pounds we'll try to get it with a 20-pound outfit—we've got those, the record is 196 pounds. But if it's much smaller we'll go to six, because the record is only 106. And if we see a big sword, say 700 pounds, we'll break out the 50-pound-test, the record on 50 is only 450 pounds." Barta fishes only for records, of which he holds three, with two pending.

Four hours out of Shinnecock *Randi-Strike* reached the head of the canyon. Barta began a zigzag trolling course, first along the canyon's edges, where the water is 260 feet deep, and then over its depths, where there is 2,000 feet of water and more. Bouncing around in the wash with the baits was the "Barta Wedge," a huzare cluster of teasers, hookless artificial squids, brightly hued plastic blocks called Kona Heads, mop-like nylon skirts, even two Hebrew National salamis. There were more than two dozen of the teasers, which are designed to lure large fish in close to a trolled bait. Barta needs the teasers because a short baited hookup is vital when fishing with ultralight lines. Suddenly yellowfins were

slashing at the squids and salamis. Barta was on the flying bridge at the time, and when the four-pound line went taut, he all but flew to the cockpit, his feet and hands barely touching any surface. Sometimes, at dock-side, for an hour or more he practices moving around the *Randi-Strike*, to learn how to get where he has to be, instantly. As he landed on the deck in the cockpit, Barta shouted, "May be a record."

The reel spool was whirling away, hardly affected by the three-quarter-pound drag pressure that is the safe maximum with four-pound line, which actually tests at only  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . Official four-pound records aren't kept by the

International Game Fish Association, but any fish caught with it would be eligible in the six-pound category, and using it is a challenge, Barta says.

The boat was moving after the fish now, the line peeling off more slowly, when a patch of weed floated over it. "Get that weed," Barta ordered the mate "but don't touch the line IGFA rules." By the time the mate had carefully lifted the weed off, the fish had started diving. Two hundred yards of line were gone, and Barta warned "More than 300 and the line will break from its weight alone. I know. I've spent hours trolling with no hooks just to see how much water pressure lines of different tests can take."

His touch on the reel was feather light. He constantly adjusted the drag, decreasing it in increments of a fraction of an ounce in pressure, as the line streamed out he reduced it gradually to half a pound, then a quarter, then to nothing at all, thumbing the reel spool lightly to prevent backlash. "In the first eight seconds that yellowfin was going 40 miles an hour," he said, "If you hook up at three-quarters and don't start backing the drag down right away—pop—there goes the line. It's a question of reel-spool dynamics."

He told the mate, "Go up to the tower and discuss with the captain what we're going to do if we get the fish in close." He knew that wouldn't happen soon, but he wanted nothing left unplanned.

He turned to a friend "Want to make a bet? How long before we see this fish?" "Another 25 minutes."

Barta shook his head. "If this is the one I think it is, we'll be here at least three hours, maybe four."

He asked for a cup of fresh water and poured it over the reel. The sides had felt warm. Friction was expanding the spool, and that would tighten the drag plates. There was no margin for error.

The yellowfin had been on half an hour, and the line was moving out tentatively when Barta said, "This fish is like a 300-pound mako I once had on six. He was still feeding in the chum line. He didn't even know he was hooked."

Suddenly the line went slack. "Forward! He's coming toward the boat," Barta shouted. But he seemed puzzled. "I can't figure out where he is. I can't even tell for sure if he's still on. Wait, yes, he's down deep. There's a great big

*continued*

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nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

bow in the line. I'm afraid he's not hooked too well."

Barta began reeling frantically, hoping for a hint of something solid on the line, and he seemed to feel it. "Is it the weight of the line?" he asked, "or is it the fish? Want, I don't think it's the fish. Yeah, he's gone. He had 250, 300 yards out. There was nothing I could do. Water pressure broke it. But I still feel great. That was maybe a record yellowfin, and I had him on 40 minutes. We're really cooking. Let's do it again."

It was a classic sample of Barta's joyful losing. "Ninety percent of the enjoyment I get from fishing, and the reason why I'm not frustrated is that almost every fish I have on is a world record," he said. "That's why I've poured my life into this."

And how. In the last two years Barta has spent \$30,000 on rods and reels. Sometimes late-night bathers at the swimming pool in his mid-Manhattan co-op apartment building are startled to see him at poolside with rod and reel, his line disappearing in the water. They edge closer. What's that scuba diver doing five feet down clutching a chunk of balsam wood with a hook embedded in it? Barta is finding out how hard he can strike and how deeply he can set the hook without breaking his line. "I've gotten so I can set it with six-pound line at 5.5 pounds of pressure," he says. "That's consistently, with no line breakage."

Sometimes the diver holds a small scale. Barta's rod is bent. He is fiddling with the reel drag, trying to judge how much pressure he is putting on the line. The diver keeps surfacing, issuing reports. As Barta tells his companions on the *Randi-Strike*, "I know the difference between one, two, three, four and five pounds of drag, I can tell by the feeling in my hand and by the angle of the rod."

To enable him to make such determinations reliably, Barta's rods in each line class must flex the same and weigh the same. He selects the blanks from groups of 100 or more, sometimes discarding 98 before he finds two that match closely enough. The drags on all his reels, all of which are of the revolving-spool variety, must be identical, he never knows which one he will have to grab. Sometimes four will be just right but a fifth

will be a shade off, and he will have them all taken apart and reassembled until the five match perfectly. The reels have custom-made lightweight aluminum spools, which spin more easily than the heavier stock spools, and the drag mechanisms have been completely rebuilt to Barta's specifications. He says that for ultralight lines there is no reel drag on the market worth using.

Now the *Randi-Strike* was moving north along the canyon. Barta had been breaking off great lengths of line, in case the morning's fishing had frayed them, he uses 500,000 yards of six- and 12-pound-test each year, given him by



Hookless rubber squid and Kona Heads tease fish to bite

the Cortland Line Company in exchange for his advice. All his lines are braided Dacron. On this day the yellowfins had been popping the four and sixes like sewing thread, and, of course, Barta was thrilled. But now the two 12s snapped down from the outriggers. One broke instantly, the other held. Barta grabbed the rod and called out, "What's the 12-pound yellowfin record? A hundred and forty-five, right? This fish is 70 pounds at most but it could be a bluefin, and that record's only 42. So let's get a good look at it."

He fought the fish for an hour and

20 minutes. Again and again he got it close to the boat—but not close enough to see the color of the fins—only to have it plunge hundreds of feet off. Finally, as it passed near the stern, the mate grabbed for the wire leader with his gloved hands. He struggled briefly, the tendons in his neck and arms stretching taut, and the leader went slack. "Yellowfin," he said.

The hook had been straightened. Barta said that nothing less than 180 pounds of pull could have done it; no one aboard the boat could so much as bend the straightened hook an eighth of an inch. It was dramatic evidence of how quintessential Barta's quest is.

"I don't know if you noticed," he said, "but I made a mistake with that fish. When he had a lot of line out I kept the drag a little too tight, and that made the fish go down deep. With a lighter drag it might have stayed on top."

On the way back to Shinnecock, Barta said, "A successful day would have been getting two yellowfins up on six, and based on experience we would have had them on for less than five minutes. Total. So we did very well."

That evening Barta was back in his Manhattan apartment. He was reminiscing about his days at the University of Colorado, when he had climbed some steep and dangerous cliffs called the Flatirons outside Boulder with no ropes. "It was foolhardy," he admitted. "I didn't know what I was doing, I could have been killed. But when I made it to the top I experienced such a tremendous sense of self-realization that I burst into tears. I'd never felt so unburdened of superficial values, so in control of my destiny."

He glanced out the window, suddenly subdued. He gazed at the cliffs of Manhattan, their windows shimmering in the twilight. He could easily become a misfit, he said, more lost in the middle of the city than he had ever been in the wilds of Maine, were it not for the great ocean wilderness he escapes to every weekend. "You know," he finally said, "I'm hardly ever going to land one of those fish, but I've developed so much respect for them it's unbelievable."

For himself, too, he might have added.

END



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## By soul and by poll

*Coach Lou Saban has his orders and, as Stanford learned, Army is shaping up*

Stanford, North Carolina, Penn State, Pittsburgh, Navy—that would be a mean collection of opponents for a Top 20 team. So what does a squad that was 4-6-1 last season think it's doing playing such juggernauts? Delusions of grandeur? Remembrance of past glory? In the case of Army, probably a goodly helping of both. But then, what was West Point doing upsetting 17-point favorite Stanford 17-13 last Saturday? And at Palo Alto, no less. The Cadets' defense, out-weighted by 30 pounds a man, was pushed all over the field, but it held the Cardinals at bay long enough for plebe Halfback Gerald Walker to run 71 yards for what proved to be Army's winning touchdown. "We needed this one," said Lou Saban, Army's much-traveled new coach. "Most of us around here, coaches and players, hardly know each other."

A bigger question, however, is, how will Army fare in the years ahead under Saban? Which begs yet one more question: Just what is Saban, 57, doing at West Point, anyhow? Although he has impressive credentials—he was twice AFL Coach of the Year when the Buffalo Bills won league championships—he is his profession's man in motion. He walked out on contracts with the University of Maryland, the University of Cincinnati (where he stayed all of 14 days as athletic director), the Denver Broncos and the Bills. In fact, when Army hired Saban, he had four years left on his contract with the University of Miami, prompting the comment that West Point, of all places, had hired an AWOL. Discussing his string of sudden departures, Saban, a circumlocutionist of high rank, says, "I'm only responsible to the people who hire me. Should they want to express their feelings, they have every right to. I've never felt I had to explain why I left. My daddy used to say, 'The more you stir, the more it smells.'"

Saban, 57, has a five-year contract with Army, and he says he intends to stay at the Point for the duration.

One reason to believe that he might hang around this time is Athletic Director Major General (ret.) Raymond P. Murphy, who personifies the new look

of sports at Army. The captain of the 1941 West Point football team, Murphy became the academy's first permanent athletic director two years ago as a result of recommendations in a report called "Department of the Army—West Point Study." Quoting passages of the study from memory, Murphy says, "Excellence in athletics is as inherent to the mission of the Military Academy as excellence in studies and military training." The plan now is to rebuild football to national eminence, not just for the image of West Point but for the entire army.

This being the government, there is yet another study to back up the recommendations of the first. Nearing final form after two years in the making, this survey is being done by Superintendent Lieutenant General Andrew J. Goodpastor's Civilian Public Relations Advisory Committee, which is composed of 10 volunteer P.R. experts and chaired by Kerry King, senior vice-president of Texaco. The committee queried West Point faculty, staff, cadets, parents of cadets, the Association of Graduates, members of Congress, government officials, members of the media, the general public (via a Roper survey), high school guidance counselors and more than 5,000 secondary school juniors and seniors, and concluded that the majority of respondents regarded football as one of the cornerstones of West Point and thought it important that Army's team succeed. In sum, the Point is committed by soul and by poll to bring cheer to its fans, particularly the disgruntled Pentagon brass, who have suffered through five losses to Navy in the past six years.



*The job at Army is Saban's fourth in four years*

Despite the surveys, Saban got only a couple of concessions when he took the West Point job following the firing of Homer Smith after last season's 28-0 loss to Navy. He was allowed to hire two additional full-time assistants, bringing the total to eight, plus two part-timers, and all cadets have been granted a second hour of free time each afternoon, which allows football players to get to practice earlier. But the key to success will be recruiting. "We have to recruit 10 to 15 times harder than a regular college to get young men who can do the math required at West Point," says Saban. "Our coaches visit 150 to 200 high schools, and if each coach comes back with at least 30 names, we have a list of 300 to 400—the blue-chippers. No. 1s and question marks. The list soon shrinks. First, can they make it academically? West Point is demanding. The youngsters out there practicing have had a tough day already, and they're concerned about getting back to the books."

Another obstacle is the five years of

*continued*

service required after graduation. This obligation makes it virtually impossible for a West Pointer to play pro football, and as Murphy says, "We've run into a lot of youngsters we'd want here, but it's that glimmer of hope that they might make the pros that stops them from coming." Army lost three such prospects this year, "and they waited until the last minute to say no," Saban says.

One of the players willing to make the commitment was Walker, the hero of the victory over Stanford. A native of Greenville, S.C., Walker, 21, served in the Army in Korea before coming to West Point. Although weighing only 177 pounds, he ran through Stanford for 121 yards on 17 carries, which led Saban to commission him "a superplayer."

There has been talk that West Point and the other service academies will ask Congress to waive the five-year commitment for a graduate who can play pro ball. Instead of serving his tour at one shot, he would put in his five years over a span of 10, six months on duty, six off. "There's a strong desire on the part of many people at the academies to see if that can be worked out," Goodpaster says. "But so far there has been no real basis for optimism."

Another fact of life at West Point is the high rate of attrition. "The selection procedures are still not adequate to give us assurance in advance," Goodpaster says. Of the cadets—1,267 men and 130 women—who enrolled this year, only about 900 are expected to graduate. Most of those who leave do so in the first half of the first year. Six of the top 46 football prospects recruited for the class of '83 have already resigned.

Resignees aside, Saban seems content. He has a West Point cast of mind. He has just finished reading William Manchester's biography of MacArthur, American Caesar, and is now pondering the hypothetical Soviet attack on Yugoslavia in Sir John Hackett's *The Third World War*. On the practice field, he will make a reference to military science and apply it to football. "We use the circular-envelopment type approach," Saban says, meaning that like Grant before Richmond—or Crazy Horse at the Little Big Horn—he works with what he has. He has installed the veer offense because it "poses problems defensively for an opponent. You can isolate people more than in the power-type football I've been exposed to."

It was just such an isolating play that beat Stanford. Walker followed the block of Fullback Dino Harris, who took out Middle Linebacker Frank Dispalstro. "Stanford was caught in double coverage on the outside," Saban explained, "and when we broke it up the middle, the one block, fullback on linebacker, freed the runner."

Earlier he had said, "A great advantage here is that the youngsters are fine students and grasp ideas quickly. I've asked my coaching staff to be as innovative as possible." One of Saban's innovators has already discovered that Mike Rodemers, a varsity soccer player, had used up his eligibility in that sport. Rodemers now kicks off for Army and regularly sends the ball soaring over the end zone.

Before the Stanford game Goodpaster said, "I don't think the long-term goal of winning three out of four games is in our grasp now. But it's a goal, and we're not going to fall on our swords if we don't. But we're going to knock off one or two big ones." The General's tactics seem to be working fine—just ask Stanford.

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## THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

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**SOUTHWEST** Texas rooters could hardly wait for their Longhorns, the last major team to begin play, to finally do their thing. Given a chance, the Longhorns didn't show much in the first half against Iowa State, which got field goals of 36, 43 and 35 yards from freshman Alex Griffords, who was raised in Mexico and did not see his first football game until his senior year of high school in Tucson, to lead 9-3 at the half. From there on, though, it was all Texas, which won 17-9 as A. J. (Jam) Jones scored on a pair of one-yard bluffs—he rushed for 125 yards in all—and the defense yielded a mere 20 yards in 19 second-half plays.

Oklahoma State, which had lost both defensive ends to injuries, could not contain Arkansas. During a string of five possessions, the Razorbacks averaged seven yards per play as they zipped in front 24-0. At the end it was 27-7.

With ace passer Mike Ford lost for the season after knee surgery, Southern Methodist used Jim Bob Taylor at quarterback. He spent most of the game handing off to freshman

Tailback Charles Wagoner, who in his first start carried 26 times for 184 yards as the Mustangs beat North Texas State 20-9.

1. TEXAS (1-0)

2. HOUSTON (2-0) 3. ARKANSAS (2-0)

**SOUTH** Having gained just one yard on its first two runs against Pittsburgh, North Carolina decided to try a pet pass play. The Tar Heels had used it once in their only other outing, and it had clicked for 43 yards and six points when Quarterback Matt Kupec hit Phil Farris. Once more Kupec passed and Farris caught, and once more the results were 43 yards and a TD that triggered Carolina's upset victory.

Further prestige was gained by the ACC as its teams prevailed in four of five other non-conference games. Duke lost 35-0 at South Carolina as the Gamecocks rushed for 397 yards, 161 of them by George Rogers. But Maryland won 35-14 over Mississippi State (page 24). Virginia blanked VMI 19-0. Wake Forest defeated East Carolina 23-20 and Clemson beat Georgia 12-7.

Wake's quarterback, Jay Venuno, set ACC records for completions (28 in 33 tries) and passing yardage (134) to give the Deacons a 3-0 record and their best start since 1951. Following a scoreless first half, Clemson drove 70 yards for a touchdown at the start of the third period, glowing between the tackles on all 14 plays. That, plus a safety, a field goal, 146 rushing yards by Marvin Sims and three interceptions made the Tigers winners.

The SEC did well, too, its only loser in six at-home non-conference games being Mississippi. Missouri whipped the Rebels 33-7 after trailing 7-3 at the intermission. Once they got going, the Tigers scored on a 10-yard run by Gerry Ellis, a 14-yard dash by James Wilder, Phil Bradley's 69-yard pass to Ken Blair and a nine-yard run by Bradley. Florida was tied 7-7 by Georgia Tech.

Alabama did a thorough job on Baylor. The Tide limited the Bears to 139 yards in total offense, intercepted six passes, pounced on two Baylor fumbles, got 431 yards rushing from its runners and won 45-0.

Louisiana State fumbled away the opening kickoff and soon trailed Rice 3-0. Within a minute, however, the Tigers took the lead and were on their way to their second straight 44-point triumph. Tiger Tailback Hokie Gajan ran for 118 of LSU's 595 yards gained in the 47-3 win.

Tennessee beat Utah 51-18 as Jimmy Streeter passed for three touchdowns and ran for a fourth. In a highly unusual comeback of sorts, Defensive Back Jerry Bentley, who reportedly had been killed in a car crash on Friday, helped Auburn defeat Southern Mississippi 31-9 by returning an interception 38 yards for a touchdown. Actually, it was Donnie Givens, who was last season's defensive captain at Auburn, who died in that tragic ac-

*continued*





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cident after he had borrowed Bessley's car.

Florida State used its running game for a change while dominating Miami 40-23. The Seminoles ran for 265 yards, intercepted four passes and led 33-6 after three periods.

#### 1. ALABAMA (2-0)

2. N.C. STATE (3-0) 3. MARYLAND (2-0)

**WEST** Only 2-10 remained on the clock, and Washington trailed 17-14 at Oregon when Husky Coach Don James put Mark Lee in the game to return a punt. Lee caught the ball, took off for the right sideline, "saw too many green shirts" and headed the other way. On the sidelines James shouted "a few choice words" as Lee for changing directions, but Lee kept going. When he crossed the goal line, James was still shouting—now for joy. Lee's run culminated a rousing comeback in which the Huskies, down 17-0 with only seconds to go in the third period, scored three times in 13:48 to win 21-17 in the week's only Pac 10 game. The Ducks had built their lead on the running of Tailback Reggie Young, who had 100 yards on six carries, and Quarterback Reggie Ogburn, who was shelved with a knee injury in the second period. Washington's Joe Steele scored on two short runs, the second TD coming after a 27-yard punt by the Ducks. Oregon was assessed a rare 15-yard obstruction penalty when star back Igmaniyon landed smack atop the helmet of one of the Ducks.

Also rallying was undefeated California, which beat San Jose State 13-10 when Rich Campbell hit on five passes during a 52-yard scoring drive. Three of Campbell's throws, including a 10-yarder for a touchdown with 47 seconds to play, went to Matt Bosza.

After being trampled 48-14 at Southern Cal, Minnesota Coach Joe Salem said that Bo Schembechler, his Michigan counterpart, "told me USC's the greatest college team he has ever seen. I believe it." The halftime numbers were enough to make a believer of Salem. USC 35-0 on the scoreboard; USC 335 to 46 in total yardage. Trojan Tailback Charles White carried only 10 times, but had touchdown runs of 68 and 10 yards among his 153 yards rushing. Gopher runners didn't fare as well; they had a net of 38 yards in 37 carries.

#### 1. USC (3-0)

2. WASHINGTON (3-0) 3. UCLA (2-1)

**EAST** "After losing those first two games, we had something to prove," said Texas A&M Quarterback Mike Mosley following a stunning 27-14 upset of Penn State. Although the Aggies passed for only 39 yards, they got 259 on the ground. Much of that came when Curtis Dickey scored three times after taking pitchouts to the short side of the field, where State's end and line-backer were caught inside as he pyped by.

West Virginia was outgained only 342

yards to 334 by North Carolina State, but the Wolfpack blew the game apart in the second half. State won 38-14 as Quarterback Scott Smith scored on three short runs.

Navy amassed lots of yardage (439) but not many points while beating Connecticut 21-10. Mike Sherlock kept the Middies on the move by rushing for 156 yards.

Temple powered its way past Delaware 31-14, and Boston College ended the nation's longest Division I-A losing streak at 13 games by defeating Villanova 34-7. The Eagles took advantage of seven turnovers to set up all their points and got 157 yards rushing and two touchdowns from freshman Shelby Gamble.

In Ivy League openers, Harvard beat Columbia 26-7, Cornell thrashed Penn 52-13, Princeton defeated Dartmouth 16-0 and Yale upset league-favorite Brown 13-12 as Middle Guard Kevin Czeiger set up both Eli TDs by blocking two punts.

#### 1. PENN STATE (1-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (1-1) 3. SYRACUSE (2-1)

**MIDWEST** After Purdue, trailing 20-7 early in the third period, overcame Notre Dame 28-22. Boilermaker Linebacker Keota Turner had a ready explanation for his team's resurgence. To be sure, it helped that Wally Jones had put Purdue in front 21-20 by scoring on two short bursts in the third quarter. It had certainly helped that Mark Hermann clinched a 63-yard drive in the fourth period with a six-yard TD pass to Bart Burrell, to whom he has been throwing since seventh grade. And, of course, the defense's stubbornness in the late going had been invaluable. But Turner felt these deeds had been motivated by and transcended in significance by something that had happened way back on Tuesday. "We all met on the hill outside the stadium [Roush-Ade, where a state-record crowd of 70,567 saw Saturday's game]," he said. "It was a unity meeting [Purdue had lost to UCLA the week before and it got us back together]."

In all, Big Ten teams came out on top in four of seven other home games against non-conference opponents. Ohio State's Big plays led to a 45-29 defeat of Washington State. Quarterback Art Schlichter nailed his receivers on eight of 13 passes, which were good for 233 yards. Five of them were hauled in by Doug Donley, who rolled up 138 yards with his receptions. The most spectacular play, though, came when Schlichter and Tailback Cal Murray teamed up on an 86-yard TD throw, the longest in Buckeye history.

"Ninety-three plays and you get just four touchdowns," grumbled Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler after beating Kansas only 28-7 despite leading in total yardage by a 467-104 margin. "Radicalness. We're a soft team."

Michigan State, which blew a 17-0 advantage over Miami of Ohio and found itself tied 21-21, had a fourth-and-10 at its own 46 with

1:32 to play. Quarterback Bert Vaughn put matters right for the Spartans with a 20-yard pass to Eugene Byrd on that crucial down and an ensuing six-yarder to Mark Brunner that gave the Spartans a 24-21 triumph. Indiana defeated Kentucky 18-10, making this the finest Hoosier start (3-0) since 1967.

Other Big Ten teams lost to opponents from the East. Syracuse trampling Northwestern 54-21; Midwest, Nebraska holding off Iowa 24-21, and West, UCLA defeating Wisconsin 37-12. The Orangemen left the Wildcats black and blue as Quarterback Bill Hurley ran for 156 yards and two scores and Joe Morris bolted for 116 more and a TD.

More than 9,000 Nebraska fans traveled to Iowa, where the Huskers were three-touchdown favorites and where some Nebraskans were seen wearing red T-shirts emblazoned with the slogan, ON THE EIGHTH DAY, GOD CREATED THE BIG RED. The Hawkeyes almost created the Big Red. Iowa forced five turnovers, led 21-7 late in the third period and so severely wore down Nebraska Tailbacks I. M. Hipp and Jarvis Redwine that third-stringer Craig Johnston had to be brought in. He gained 39 yards in 15 cracks, went five yards for the tying score and set up a decisive 30-yard field goal by Dean Sukeup with 5:32 remaining.

With UCLA's Nos. 1 and 2 tailbacks hurt, Anthony Edgar was summoned. He gained 168 yards on a school-record 39 carries.

The last two times Tulsa and Oklahoma have met, in 1942 and 1943, the Golden Hurricane won 23-0 and 20-6. That fortunes have changed was evidenced by the Sooners' 49-13 wipeout last week. Oklahoma made up for

#### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Curtis Dickey, Texas A&M's 205-pound senior tailback, who has run the 100 in 9.3, gained 184 yards in 31 carries and broke loose for touchdown runs of 69, 21 and 11 yards as A&M upset Penn State 27-14.

**DEFENSE:** Buddy Curry, a 6' 3", 220-pound senior linebacker for North Carolina, helped the Tar Heels jolt Pittsburgh 17-7 by intercepting two passes, recovering a Panther fumble and making a total of 14 tackles.

six lost fumbles by getting 122 yards rushing from Quarterback Julius Caesar Watts and 109 yards and two touchdowns from Billy Sims.

Chuck Fairbanks, who left the New England Patriots amid much ado to take the coaching job at Colorado, has left Buffalo fans wondering why they went to all the trouble to get him. Colorado, a 13-9 loser to Drake, is now 0-3 and has been outscored 90-28.

#### 1. NEBRASKA (2-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (2-0) 3. PURDUE (2-1)

## There'll be no more tie with Ty

*A hot streak put Pete Rose in place to beat out Cobb for most 200-hit seasons*

Almost all of Philadelphia was wondering last week if Pete Rose would win the coveted Aqua Velva Cup. He had already put away Honus Wagner and was about to do the same to Ty Cobb, and now all that stood between Rose and this prize of prizes were those two immortals, Dan Meyer and John Grubb.

The Aqua Velva Cup—do you smell something?—is awarded to the player with the longest hitting streak in the majors each year. Actually, this is the cup's inaugural season. Last spring the after-shave people had Rose announce that, henceforth, a handsome trophy plus \$1,000 for each game of the streak would be given to the winning player to remind America of Rose's 44-game streak of 1978—and also of what he splashes on in the morning. "I tried to get them to make it retroactive," says Rose, "but they wouldn't go for it."

So Rose decided to win it for himself. By last Sunday he was at 20 games and counting, which put him just one shy of tying Meyer of the Mariners and Grubb of the Rangers for the longest streak this season. More significant, Rose has been on such a tear the last two weeks that he has raised his average 24 points to .332, an astonishing feat this late in the season. "Nobody does that," says Rose, "not even me." But Pete has been hot since the last week in August, having hit in 28 of 29 games, and since new Manager Dallas Green put Rose back in the leadoff spot on Sept. 11, he has been batting .560. Let that sink in.

Green shifted Rose from the No. 3 spot, where he'd been hitting most of the season, to perk up the Phillies' offense and give Pete a chance at 200 hits for the 10th time, which would surpass the major league record of nine he holds with Cobb. At the time Rose needed 32 hits in 20 games, and that, of course, was impossible. But Pete began to unload base hits like a machine gun gone berserk, and last Sunday he picked up No. 199, giving him six more games to get the big one

Even more amazing—and that's the one word everybody utters in describing Rose nowadays—be just may win his fourth batting title. Two weeks ago he trailed Keith Hernandez of the Cardinals by 24 points. With a week to go, the margin is down to 12. When Rose arrived in St. Louis last week, he found a note in

his locker that read, "You're not going to catch me, old man." The clubhouse man, Buddy Bates, not Hernandez, had left the note, but Hernandez was well aware that he was being pressed. He was visibly upset when St. Louis writer Jack Herman gave Rose a hit on what should have been an error in a Phillies-Cardinals game last Tuesday. "I can't believe they gave you a hit in my hometown," Hernandez told Rose.

"It would be nice to go home to Cincinnati this winter with a batting title," says Rose. "If the Reds win their division, the pennant and the Series, and with Ray Knight [his Cincy replacement] batting .319, they won't let me into town if I don't win it."

It can be argued that Rose's season, his first in Philadelphia, has been his best ever. In addition to the 200 hits he's almost certain to get, he will probably draw at least 100 walks, having had 94 as of last Sunday. The only other year he had that many walks was 1974, which was the only season since 1965 that he hasn't hit .300 or better. His on-base percentage of .422 is his best since 1969. If he stays hot, he could have the second highest batting average of his career, his best being .348 in 1969. Although 38, Rose has a career-high 17 stolen bases. He is the first one to the ball park every day, he hasn't missed a game, he even busies himself retrieving balls during batting practice. And he has performed capably in his initial season at his fifth position, first base. "I have as much confidence in him as I've had in any first baseman," says Shortstop Larry Bowa.

Rose was plucked away from Cincinnati for \$3.5 million so that he would lead the Phils not only to their fourth straight division title, but also into the World Series and ultimate victory. So why is Philadelphia fighting for third place in the NL East? Count the ways. There's the injury factor: Rose is the only regular who hasn't missed at least several games. There's the pitching factor: the staff



Streaking after Cobb, Rose has hit .452 in September.

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ERA is 4.20, 11th in the league. And there's the windpipe factor. Rose passed Honus Wagner last week for fifth place on the career runs list, but he has scored only 82 runs this season, a figure he calls "a mystery statistic" out of politeness. There's no mystery at all. Mike Schmidt, Greg Luzinski and the other guys who were supposed to knock in runs did it. Or didn't do it.

Fourth place aside, Year 1 in Philadelphia has not been an easy one for Rose. There was a paternity suit, the separation from his wife Carolyn, her intimate revelations about Pete in print, a session with a mean-spirited interviewer in *Playboy* and recent divorce proceedings. "I don't do anything but pick up the papers and read about what I'm supposed to be doing," says Rose. "The easiest way to handle it is base hits. Bating .330 is less trouble than batting .230." Of course, nobody cares what .230 hitters do off the field.

On the field he is still a marvel. "He is the most exciting ballplayer of this age," says Phillie Catcher Tim Lincecum, who's been watching Rose for 17 years.

#### HITTING ON ALL CYLINDERS

During Rose's remarkable batting binge, he has had 40 hits, nearly two per game.

Date	AB	H	Avg.	Date	AB	H	Avg.
9/3	3	1	.308	9/15	4	3	.327
9/3	5	2	.309	9/16	3	1	.327
9/6	3	1	.309	9/17	4	3	.330
9/6	4	2	.310	9/18	3	2	.332
9/7	4	1	.310	9/19	3	2	.333
9/8	5	2	.311	9/19	4	1	.333
9/9	4	2	.312	9/20	3	2	.334
9/11	4	3	.315	9/22	5	1	.333
9/12	3	2	.317	9/22	4	1	.333
9/13	5	4	.321	9/23	5	1	.332
9/14	5	3	.324				

of form: Pete's genius is that he's somehow transformed his street savvy into a unique style of play."

McCarver is not the only player who reaches for fresh phrases to celebrate Rose. Willie Stargell of the Pirates has been his opponent since 1963, when they were both rookies. "Walk by a house that's being built, stop awhile and watch the bricklayers," Stargell says. "Pretty soon you'll be able to tell who is the best bricklayer by his drive, his determination. Pete has more drive within than anyone else. He's the best bricklayer out there."

## THE WEEK

(September 16-23)  
by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

### AL EAST

While players in all the other divisions were still going at it south and east, spitter and slider, the Orioles (3-3) simply sat at the clubhouse and clinched their division. The Brewers did the job for them, by losing 6-3 to Minnesota. The Birds got the news 20 minutes before a scheduled doubleheader with Cleveland. Forty-eight bottles of champagne sat chilling in the refrigerator, clubhouse attendants methodically covered the players' lockers with plastic to guard against sprayed bubbly; and after one loss and a 20-minute rain delay that ended in a postponement of the nightcap, the Birds celebrated.

Earl Weaver had not been idle while waiting for the clincher. He had his scouts busy charting every pitch, every hit, every step taken by a base runner on every possible playoff and Series opponent. And clearly Weaver doesn't intend to lose in the playoffs, his pitchers have been taking batting practice for nearly two months, this being the year for National League rules in the Series.

The Milwaukee loss that did it for Baltimore was one of only two the Brewers suffered in six outings. They beat the Angels 2-1 and swept three from Seattle, scoring 26 runs on 39 hits. "Second place is important, too," said Manager George Bamberger. "I'd like to see us do better than last year." They already have. Gorman Thomas raised his league-leading total of home runs to 43 and set a club record of 116 RBIs. The Brewers have already surpassed—by seven—the team record for homers in a season (173) set last year, and with eight games to go, they were just three wins short of tying 1978's 93.

Oon Zimmer finally found someone willing to speak out in his behalf. "Letting Zimmer go is not what's needed here," said Red Sox (4-3) shortstop Rick Burleson. "We've

got to have a couple of more pitchers and no injuries." While management can do little about the latter, they can do a lot about the former as rookie John Tudor, recently called up from the minors, showed. He beat the Yankees 4-1 to become the first left-handed starter to win a game for the Sox at Fenway since Bill Lee won on July 15 of last year.

The Yankees (2-6) spent the week in the headlines. On Sunday the winners of the last two world championships were mathematically eliminated from the race. What better way to take a fan's mind off that than a good old-fashioned Yankee-style controversy? The New York papers are always willing to oblige. It had to do with Reggie Jackson and George Steinbrenner and Billy Martin. But, then, you already knew that.

It was none other than Sparky Anderson's Tigers (3-3) that had the honor of putting the Yankees to rest, as Lance Parrish hit a bases-loaded single in the 12th inning for an 8-4 win. The real surprise for the Tigers has been rubber-armed Aurelio Lopez, who has more pitches than Anderson has superstitions. Lopez won his ninth game and saved his 20th. "He throws everything at you but his glove," marvelled one scout.

Everybody was climbing all over New York. Throwing the traditional blend of fastballs and curves, Rick Wanks of Cleveland (4-2) beat the Yankees 5-1 on five hits, and Cliff Johnson belted two home runs and drove in five runs against his former teammates in a 16-3 win. The Blue Jays (4-4) also joined in the fun. They snapped Ron Guidry's 11-game winning streak and induced New York's Orel Hershiser to hit into a triple play, the third in Jays' history and their second in three weeks. The Yanks hadn't hit into a TP in 26 years. "It happened so fast," said the retiring Garcia. "At least when I hit into a double play, I have time to sit on the bench and think about it."

BAL 90-53 MIL 90-64 BOS 66-66 NY 62-71  
DET 82-73 CLE 78-75 TOR 52-103

### AL WEST

"This has been the screwiest season I've ever seen," said Manager Whitney Herzog. His Royals had entered the week in second place, three games behind California. The two teams were to meet for the division title—four games in K.C. that would decide it all. "They hit more home runs. We've got more speed and steal more bases," said Herzog. "The key will be who gets the best pitching." Angels' pitching gave up 32 runs on 56 hits, and the Royals' 25 on 38. Each team won two of the head-to-head contests, and each had a 3-4 record for the week. They'll try again to settle the championship this week.

While the Angels and Royals battled, Gene March sat back and smiled as his Twins (5-2) put together their best week since the All-Star break. In a 10-3 rout of Chicago, Minnesota

continued

"He's one guy I would pay twice the admission price to see. He's an easy guy to praise from a ballplayer's point of view because he truly puts forth that extra effort day in and day out. His concentration at the plate is about as pure as a hitter's can be."

"I won't resort to the cliché that he thrives on pressure. Let's say he thrives on adulation. The more fanfare he gets, the better he gets. Genius comes in a lot

scored five times on one hit in a fifth-inning rally that included a bases-loaded walk, a wild pitch and a sacrifice fly. Down 2-0 in the ninth to the Brewers in Milwaukee, the Twins got back-to-back homers from Ken Landreaux and Butch Wynegar for a 3-2 win. Rookie John Casanova drove in all three Minnesota runs in a 3-1 victory over the Yankees. "Everybody is loving every minute of it," said Mauch. "Optimism expectancy is a beautiful thing."

Although Texas (4-2) gained a game and a half on the Angels, there was no "optimism expectancy" and few players were loving any of it. "I don't know if I can take this for another year," said Outfielder Al Oliver. Ferguson Jenkins was mad at Shortstop Nelson Norman because he muffed a grounder. But Norman may not have noticed, because he was busy being mad at Willie Montaner for not scoring on Norman's fly ball. That cost Norman an RBI and a point in his batting average. "When something like that happens, I lose all my concentration and don't give a damn," he proclaimed.

Perhaps they should all take a lesson from Matt Keough of Oakland (1-5). Pitching for one of the worst teams in A's history. Keough, 2-16, has been the victim of poor defense and even poorer offense, all the while maintaining his poise and good humor. Last week Keough got a reward for his good behavior, a seven-hit, 2-0 win over K.C.

The White Sox (4-2) received sparkling performances from two young pitchers, who held the 277-hitting Twins scoreless for 18 innings: Ross Baumgarten gave 6-0, on four hits, to bring his record to 13-8 despite missing six weeks with a virus, and Ken Kraves had a no-hitter for seven innings before allowing three hits.

It was just a year ago that Willie Horton was clubbed over the head by a Royal Canadian Mountie in a bizarre parking-lot scuffle. He began experiencing dizzy spells and was told by a doctor that he was "lucky to be alive." The Blue Jays let him go. The Mariners (2-4) thought there were still some homers in Horton's 35-year-old body, and they knew there's nothing like clean Northwest air to clear a man's head. So they signed Horton, who responded with one of his most productive seasons ever—club records of 28 home runs and 103 RBIs. Horton hasn't had that many homers in a season since 1969, or as many RBIs since 1966. No other major league player has ever gone more than eight seasons between 100-RBI performances. To honor their very own comeback player of the year, the Seattle writers gave Horton the Mariners' MVP award on Fan Appreciation Night. To thank the Mariners and the fans, Willie stepped to the plate in his first at bat and drove in a run.

CAL 46-71 KC 81-74 MNN 81-74 TEX 78-77  
CHC 68-45 SEA 64-91 OAK 53-102

**NL EAST** There was little left for players on non-contending teams to do but pursue personal goals and honors. With Rose threatening to surge right into the batting title, Keith Hernandez of the Cardinals (5-4) dug in. He went 10 for 24 and raised his average three points. "I'm not that selective a hitter," said Hernandez. "If it's over the plate, I'll hit it." And he has, so the tune of 202 hits. His average—.346—is nearly 100 points higher than it was last year. With his seven errors, 103 RBIs and 111 runs scored, he is a leading candidate for MVP.

Hernandez' teammate, Garry Templeton took dead aim at a record, he wants to become the first player to get 100 base hits from each side of the plate in one season. To help, Manager Kenny Boyer is letting Temp hit righty for the rest of the year, because he already has 111 hits lefty, but only 91 as a right-hander. Lou Brock, who already has the modern career stolen-base record, stole his 20th of the year to tie "Sliding" Billy Hamilton's all-time mark of 937, most of them gotten between 1888 and 1898 when stolen bases were credited to runners going from first to third on a single. No 937 came on Lou Brock day at Shea Stadium, during which the Mets (1-8) presented Brock with a rocking chair as a retirement present.

It was just one of many gifts offered up by the charitable Mets last week. In the first game of a doubleheader with the Expos, Outfielder Gil Flores held on to the ball after a fine running catch, allowing two runs to score, and in the second game, Second Baseman Kevin Chapman handed the Expos a sweep when he held the ball while the winning run crossed the plate. New York, which has been defeated in 31 of its last 36 games, lost four straight doubleheaders, but even that was for naught: it was one short of the 1928 record. The Mets' front office had a gift for the fans—it will install 55,000 new plastic molded seats. The fans, in turn, presented the Mets with a record—the lowest attendance—161,872 with one day remaining—in the history of the franchise.

The Mets had some goodies for old teammate Dave Katman of Chicago (4-6). He got the game-winning RBI in each end of a twin bill against New York. It's unlikely that Kong will break Hack Wilson's league home-run record of 56, but with 47 he is within reach of becoming the sixth National League roto hit 50 in a season.

MON 32-60 PIT 32-61 STL 82-71  
PHI 80-75 CH 78-76 NY 56-97

**NL WEST** With two weeks to play, it became official. Last year's National League champion Dodgers were mathematically eliminated from the race. But it was done in style. Tom Seaver of the first-place Reds (3-4) shut them out 2-0 on three hits. And when the Dodgers (4-3) lead

the league in home runs (176), and a club-record five players—Davey Lopes (28), Ron Cey (27), Steve Garvey (27), Dusty Baker (23) and Joe Ferguson (20)—have 20 or more, L.A. is still five games under .500. Rick Sutcliffe, one of the few rays of sunshine in smog-bound Los Angeles, added to his credentials for Rookie of the Year with his fifth straight win. The victory brought his record to 16-9, 12 of the wins have come at Dodger Stadium. There was one reminder of last year's triumphs, Bob Welch, who has been bothered by a sore arm most of the season, took the mound for only his second start since the All-Star Game and got his first win since May 15.

The Giants (3-3) played gunnery. After starting the week with their second straight win over the Astros (4-3), they turned around and beat the Reds twice. The victories gave San Francisco 12 wins over Cincinnati in 18 meetings this year, they also put the Giants in position to challenge the Dodgers for third place. Two defeats in L.A. and one in Atlanta promptly knocked them back into a battle with San Diego (3-3) for fourth.

Padre President Bullard Smith turned down Gaylord Perry's offer to return to the club, which he had jumped three weeks before. "We just can't have guys walking out on us," said Smith. And it's a good thing he feels that way, because had Perry returned, he might have cost Juan Tjorve Echeberri a start and fans an opportunity to guess how many and exactly which countries produced that wonderful name. J.T. got his first major league win, striking out seven Dodgers and allowing just four hits in a 3-1 victory. After that game, in which he hit his 32nd homer and collected his 113th RBI—a Padre club

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**CHET LEMON:** The White Sox centerfielder hit .450, extended his hitting streak to 16 games and raised his average to .317. He has 17 home runs, 82 RBIs and has been hit by a pitched ball a league-leading 13 times.

record—Dave Winfield declared himself the National League's MVP.

The Braves' MVP—Most Valuable Pitcher—is Phil Niekro, "I still say he's one of the top five pitchers in all of baseball," said Manager Bobby Cox of Atlanta (2-3). Although Niekro has led the league in losses the last two years and, with 20, is a safe bet to do so again, he has also won 19—or nearly one-third of the Braves' victories for the season. His latest triumph was a two-hitter in which he gave up only one earned run as he beat the Giants 10-2. "It was a nice night to pitch," said Niekro. "The wind was light and I didn't tire myself out."

CIN 67-68 HOU 86-68 LA 75-92  
SF 68-87 SD 65-90 ATL 61-91



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## NO ARMAGEDDON BOWLS FOR HIM



THOUGH HE MISSED HAYES' PUNCH, JACKSON USUALLY SEES ALL

It may come as a surprise to viewers of ABC's college football telecasts that Keith Jackson of Carrollton, Ga. and Washington State University resides, not in Norman, Okla. or Ann Arbor, Mich., but in the Greater Los Angeles area. ("I live here," Jackson says, "because I need access to a major airport.") It just seems that Jackson must live in some big, old frat house, so firmly established is he as the voice of college football. Dave Caswood, the NCAA's director of public relations, says, "We think he's so identified with college football that even when people see him working on another event, they associate him with college football."

"I think college football is a reflection of Middle America," says Jackson, who long ago dropped his Southern accent for intonations that might best be described as Middle American. "That's the kind of stock I'm from and that's where I think the strength of the country is. You go into a college football town, and you will find three generations of a family sitting together. It's a rallying point for the university, the community and the families."

In the midst of his sixth season telecasting college football, Jackson, 50, is regarded as an outstanding play-by-play announcer. He knows the rules, calls a game that satisfies even those purists who chart the flow of the action and transmits enthusiasm for the sport, though he may not be quite as steeped in gridiron lore as Lindsey Nelson. He has credi-

bility with the viewer, is relatively free of clichés and treats each game in something less than the Armageddon Bowl. His critics acknowledge that Jackson attends to the basics, that he sets the scene well and evokes a sense of the drama that puts viewers right in the stadium, but fault him for a disinclination to discuss the negative—"I don't believe a 20-year-old kid should be criticized for making a mistake," he says—or the controversial.

No wonder that until last year Jackson was rarely the target of zingers by TV critics. But then came the infamous 1978 Gator Bowl, and the punch by overwrought Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes sent 'round the world—seemingly by everybody but Jackson at the ABC booth.

Jackson insists that the crowd of players, coaches and hangers-on cluttering the Ohio State sideline obscured his view of Hayes' poke at Clemson Middle Guard Charlie Bauman. Jackson didn't see it when it happened, and he couldn't check his monitor for a replay of the blow. Producer Bob Goodrich, working on a short budget, had chosen not to have a special replay machine at the Gator Bowl, so ABC couldn't reshoot the picture of the punch that went over the air live and was taped in studios all over the country and repeatedly replayed on news shows.

The only replay available to Jackson was the end zone replay that showed Hayes coming down the sideline readying a swing. Because Jackson says he never saw Hayes hit Bauman, he was unable to talk about it on the air, despite frantic pleas by Goodrich in the track and ABC bigwigs who called in from afar urging him to do so.

"I never saw Hayes hit him until the next day," Jackson says. "Nobody actually told me Hayes hit him. I heard somebody say, 'He hit him.' I said, 'Who?' and then we were live. I still feel I can't report what I don't see."

There were heated meetings about the in-

cident at ABC, and critics outside the network charged that Jackson had become so much a spokesman for college football that he shied away from mentioning such an unsavory occurrence; that he didn't see it because he didn't want to see it; that a reporter frequently has to re-create what he doesn't see. Jackson says he had no reason to protect Hayes because he never particularly admired Woody, but he is resigned that the incident won't go away. "You live with it, that's all," he says. "I'm the visible one, so I guess I have to take the heat."

Jackson has usually avoided such situations because he is so well prepared. He arrives at the site of the week's game a couple of days ahead of time and makes it a point to sit down with assistant coaches.

"There are two guys I like to talk to: the offensive line coach or coordinator and the defensive secondary or linebacker coach," he says. "If they don't know what's going to happen, it isn't going to happen. And it's easier and more informative to get two hours with assistants, because the head coach has to be a politician and he's up to his eyeballs in people."

Jackson works quietly, coolly. "My job is a simple one," he says. "To simplify, clarify, punctuate and not intrude, because it's a visual medium." Jackson keeps his own notes, looking for the teams' tendencies and weaknesses. He is liked by his associates ("We would kill for him," says Director Andy Sidaris) because he isn't a prima donna, takes direction well and, says research man Jerry Klein, "isn't quick to put the blame for mistakes on others."

A few years ago sidelines reporter Jim Lamplay told of charges that Oklahoma had been spying on Texas during practices in the week preceding their game. When Jackson came back on the air after hearing Lamplay's remarks, he said, "That might be true and it might not be true, but you still got to come down the chair."

"I don't know that I played it down," Jackson says of the incident now, "but that kind of thing had been done for a long time, by Fielding Yost and John Heisman, so I didn't think it was highly revelatory."

At least not to the folks living in Middle America.

END

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**L**az Barrera is a fascinating, complicated man. He can be very funny or very moody; he can behave with all the hauteur of a Latin American general or reduce his audience to tears as he tells of his struggles in the horse training business. For the last five years he has stood as the only trainer to be a great success in both California and New York, the nation's principal racing states.

It's axiomatic in racing that when a stable of thoroughbreds moves from the West Coast to the East, it takes a long time for the horses to make the transition from the hard, fast tracks of the West to the deeper, slower ones of the East, and history is full of examples of runners that have had vast difficulty in making the adjustment. Barrera, however, knows how to acclimate his horses faster than any other trainer, and he's not about to give his secret away. "The only difference between the Laz Barrera who trains horses at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park," he said last Saturday morning, "and the Laz Barrera who trains horses at Saratoga and Belmont Park is in the license plates on his cars. In California, my license reads LAZ. In New York, it's BARRERA. But I'm the same trainer in both places."

As he spoke, Barrera was standing under his shed row at Belmont nine hours before Affirmed would run in the \$191,000 Woodward Stakes. He was looking out at the rain and ducking a number of bees buzzing around him. "Today is Sept. 22, the last day of summer," he said. "In the East that can mean that when you wake up tomorrow there will be snow on the ground. The bees know that summer is ending; that's why they are so mean right now. They sting for no reason at all. At this time of the year the bees will get down inside your shirt and crawl up the legs of your pants and sting hell out of you. But the bees also get slower now. You can swat them a lot easier than you could two weeks ago. Watch!"

The trainer promptly swatted three bees to death and then laughed. "Experts are just like bees at this time of the year," he said. "They get slow and dumb. Two weeks ago experts said that Barrera ducked the Marlboro Cup because he was afraid Affirmed could not beat Spectacular Bid. I was up front in giving my reasons for not running in the Marlboro: I thought the weights for that race were way out of line. I still think they were. A lot of people said I was a lousy sport for not running in the Marlboro, that I owed it to the game. What I owe the game is for the public to see Affirmed at his very best in the best races. A trainer's job is to do the best thing for his horse. I think I have. I know that if Affirmed loses the Woodward today I'll look like a fool. The field is tough, and the racetrack is going to be sloppy. But Affirmed is ready. I'll let Affirmed speak for me."

And Affirmed spoke eloquently. The 4-year-old won the 1½-mile Woodward by 2½ lengths over Coastal, who beat Spectacular Bid in the Belmont Stakes last June, and by 6¼ lengths over Czaravich, one of the best of an excellent crop of 3-year-olds. The win was Affirmed's 21st in 28 lifetime starts, and en route to his victory, he did something horses rarely do.

With a little more than a quarter of a mile remaining in the race, continued

## The horse did all the talking

*Barrera let Affirmed speak for him in the Woodward—and he spoke eloquently*



*In the stretch Affirmed threw mud back at the place horse, Coastal, but winning jockey Percy also got his share of slop*



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## HORSE RACING continued

Affirmed was pinched in along the rail and seemed about to make a fool of Barrera. During the early part of the race he had difficulty getting hold of the sloppy track as Mister Brea took the lead and both Czaravich and Coastal edged by Affirmed. But suddenly Jockey Laffit Pincay eased his grip on the reins and Affirmed put on a devastating burst of speed. There was a wide gap separating Mister Brea on the inside and Czaravich, and Pincay guided Affirmed into the hole without ever striking the horse with his whip. Normally, when a horse "splits" other horses it must first be stung with the whip, then cracked once again to keep it moving. Pincay, however, kept his bat straight up in the air, and Affirmed sailed between Mister Brea and Czaravich as if they weren't there.

Through the stretch Pincay rapped Affirmed gently a couple of times, and the 1978 Triple Crown winner and Horse of the Year went on to win just as he wanted to. Pincay has now ridden Affirmed nine times and finished first every time, although Affirmed was disqualified from victory in the 1978 Traversers for fouling Alydar.

While the \$114,600 winner's share kicked Affirmed's record career earnings to more than \$2.1 million, it also helped to further stuff the saddlebags of Pincay, who is trying to set a record for money won in a year. Not only did Pincay win the Woodward for Barrera on Saturday, but three days earlier the two also had teamed to win the \$159,200 Paterson Handicap at the Meadowlands with Valdez. In the two-week period ending with the Woodward, Pincay picked up nearly \$350,000 in purses and now seems certain to break Darrel McHargue's 1978 record of \$6,188,353.

The ease with which Affirmed won tended to obscure the fact that the Woodward was a truly good race. Going in, Coastal had lost only one of seven starts this year, while Czaravich had won five of six races in his career. Czaravich is a huge, royally bred son of the 1970 English Triple Crown winner Nijinsky II and, according to owner William L. Reynolds, is named Czaravich after the nickname of one of the great dancer Nijinsky's understudies.

In New York this spring Czaravich emerged as a sort of cult horse, a huge

contingent of racetrackers followed his every move and bet heavily on him. One reason for Czaravich's popularity is that he is trained by William H. (Billy) Turner, the young man who got Seattle Slew through his Triple Crown season only to be fired at the end of it. Turner is a smart horseman, a man who could train a goat to throw a shopout, and when Czaravich won his first three starts Turner's admirers thought he might have a horse that, although unraced as a 2-year-old, could be a Triple Crown threat.

Czaravich simply didn't have enough seasoning to compete in the Derby and Preakness, and Turner set his sights on winning the Belmont. But two weeks before the Belmont, Czaravich contracted a virus and was unable to run in the Peter Pan, a race in which he would have been the odds-on favorite over Coastal Coastal won the Peter Pan and then the Belmont, all of which tended to increase the Czaravich mystique. After being away from the races for nearly four months, Czaravich returned in early September and won the \$109,300 Jerome Handicap by defeating Valdez, Barrera's top 3-year-old.

Before the Woodward, Turner said, "Well, I've got to try Affirmed. He's one of the finest horses that has ever run, but it's time for Czaravich to go after the heavy heads. I'm not going to say I can beat him, but we'll make it a horse race."

For a mile Czaravich made the Woodward a most interesting race, even though he had never before competed over a sloppy track. Approaching the top of the stretch, it looked as if Czaravich might indeed be able to prevail, but he drifted out a bit and Affirmed came roaring up inside of him. As Affirmed pulled away, Czaravich seemed to labor as if he didn't really care all that much for the track condition. "It's far from a disgrace to finish third to Affirmed," Turner said. "Affirmed is a great racehorse. His trainer isn't too bad, either."

On Oct. 6, Affirmed will meet Spectacular Bid in the \$350,000, 1½-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup, with Affirmed carrying 126 pounds and Spectacular Bid 121. Both Affirmed and Spectacular Bid now can lay just claim to being Horse of the Year, and until they finally meet, the bees will indeed be buzzin'.

ENR

## The Hitter got hot for Herve

*Hot Hitter, the \$6 million colt, looked as if he'd rather nap than race in the Jug, but Herve Filion, the \$27 million driver, aroused him for an eye-opening straight-heats win*

Herve Filion, the flamboyant 39-year-old Canadian driver who wins more harness races than anybody else, was trying to explain last week how it is that he wins so much. "I look, I think, I see, I go," said Filion. And how! For 10 of the last 11 years he has been the sport's top driver, and in 1974 alone he won 637 races and an astounding \$3.4 million in purses.

Every year is a great year for Filion, who has 7,006 career victories. And 1979 seems certain to be his best one ever, seeing as he has already earned \$2.7 million and has 301 wins. "I win a lot because I drive a lot," he says. "The only race I can't win is one I'm watching. I drive fast horses, slow ones, mediocre ones. It doesn't matter."

Not at all. Anything with four legs seems capable of winning when Filion's in the sulky. He has seen at the starting gate in more than 28,000 races since 1966 and has driven 1,684 times so far this year. Nothing gets him down. A little more than a year ago, a fire ravaged the barns at his Englishtown, N.J., farm, killing 40 horses. "That set me back about a half a million dollars," says Filion. "It made me work harder. In this business you have to have a cast-iron stomach. There is glory one day, disappointment the next."

At the moment, glory clearly has the upper hand, perhaps because (a) Filion is always so certain that he will win, and (b) he has an uncanny knack for knowing just what to do to do so, when to do it and to whom. All of his legendary abilities dovetailed at last Thursday's Little Brown Jug in Delaware, Ohio, the most important race of the year for pacers. "But don't forget," said one driver, "that he also had the best horse."

No question about that. Three-year-old Hot Hitter, a \$21,000 cheapie when

he was purchased as a yearling by Trainer Lou Meitinis, has all the chips, and the colt appears to know it. After all, in his last 16 starts he has been no worse than second. Waiting for the race, Hitter was positively dozy, but Meitinis promised, "He'll wake up when he gets to the track." Sure enough. Hitter won the Jug in straight heats (first horse to win twice, wins) before a beery crowd of 41,027. The people sat on bales of hay in their pickup trucks and on webbed lawn chairs and went berserk in adulation—especially when Herve stood on the sulky seat after his victory and rode back in front of the grandstand like Ben Hur. "Disgusting," said an oldtimer. Wrong. It was wonderful, a classic demonstration of the Herve verve that has made him the sport's folk hero.

Filion drives primarily in New York and, like that city, he is bold and brassy and sometimes outrageous. He will race on the outside when everyone figures he should be inside; he will race from behind with a horse that likes to go out front. Jim Miller, who drove runner-up Tijuana Taxi in the Jug, says of Filion, "You don't say, 'I think he's the best.' He is the best." Billy Haughton, whom Filion overtook in July to become the leading alltime money-winner (more than \$27 million), says of Herve, "He just thinks fast."

By getting home first, Hot Hitter won \$90,000 of the \$226,455 purse and raised his earnings for the year to \$716,839, a single-season record for a harness horse. The old mark was \$703,260, by Abercrombie last year. Asked before the race if he thought he would win, Filion responded, "Oh, yes, sure."

What's your strategy?

"I have no strategy. I drive to win."

What's your philosophy?

"Take the shortest route and save

something for the last eighth of a mile."

In his first heat, Hitter was kept away from the rail for better than half a mile by Haughton's Set Point, but the latter tired and Hitter cruised home in 1:57½. "Being on the outside didn't matter," said Filion. "I could have raced the whole mile parked like that and won." In the next and deciding heat, Filion led narrowly until the final turn, when he abruptly powered ahead for a six-length lead and then withstood a furious challenge by Tijuana Taxi to win by a neck in 1:55½, only one-fifth of a second off the world record. "A step past the wire I had him beat," lamented Taxi driver Miller.

But things have not always been so glowing for Hot Hitter. Meitinis got him cheap mostly because Hitter's father, Strike Out, had generated no great appeal. Although the old man had won the Jug himself, he was a bad-gaused colt with decent but not great dam-side bloodlines. However, as Al Winters of Mill Neck, N.Y., one of Hot Hitter's three owners, says, "There is only a very small relationship between price and accomplishment."

In '78 Hitter was third-best in his class. And this year he found himself competing against a number of talented colleagues, most notably Sonsum. The speedy Sonsum became the highest-priced harness horse ever (\$6.3 million). Still, Filion had sniffed earlier this summer, "He don't act like no super horse to me." The two have met 10 times; each has won five races. Sonsum tended to be awful on half-mile tracks like the one in Delaware, on which Hot Hitter—and Filion—excel; Sonsum was glorious on mile tracks, setting an age record of 1:53½ at the Meadowlands. Then, in a workout at Roosevelt in early August, Sonsum took a bad step and fractured a

*continued*

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sesamoid in his left fore, ending his racing career.

Just two days later, a secret deal was signed in which Hot Hitter's owners sold 60% of their colt for \$3.6 million, thus in a stroke pushing his total worth to \$6 million. The buyer was another of the sport's freewheeling New Breeders, Lou Guida, a Merrill Lynch executive from southern New Jersey. The deal wasn't announced until a press conference at New York's 21 Club last Monday.

Guida's hefty interest in Hitter is part of what he sees as an ongoing David and Goliath battle, in which he is locked in mortal combat with the dominant breeding farms, primarily Castleton in Kentucky and Hanover in Pennsylvania. And David isn't fooling around. Guida also owns five of Sonsam's 40 shares; five other shares were recently sold for \$200,000 each, upping the colt's value to \$8 million. "I remember seeing both Sonsam and Hot Hitter at Vernon Downs," says Guida, "and I thought, 'If Sonsam is the greatest horse ever, then Hot Hitter is the second-greatest.'" Guida, the son of a Jersey barber, asked Morton Funder, who owns Pine Hollow Stud and is one of the sport's high rollers, to see what could be done to arrange the Hot Hitter deal. Guida subsequently sold half of his interest—or 30% of Hot Hitter—to Funder.

Then Guida made a move even Filion might have admired. He paid \$5 million for half interest in Niatross, a 2-year-old pacer. Why? "Horse people are not businessmen. I am," says Guida. "And my business judgment told me 'Buy!' Besides, he left me breathless."

Which is how Guida—with a lot of help from Funder—is leaving the sport. Now three fine colts—Sonsam, Hot Hitter and Niatross—will stand at Pine Hollow Stud in New York. Not in Kentucky. Not in Pennsylvania. And all three

have bloodlines that make them compatible with the daughters of Meadow Skipper, a considerable—if esoteric—advantage. Meadow Skipper is so far and away the premier sire of harness horses that there is growing worry that inbreeding could become a serious concern. The three new horses will provide what is called an "outcross," which should solve that problem nicely. Says Guida, "There is only one important question to ask yourself in this business: Did I make a profit?"

Guida knows about high finance.

Some years ago, while putting together an ultimately successful \$90 million deal to purchase Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, he found himself \$80 million short, but undiscouraged. That's a fine trait to have in racing. These days Guida says that he—and a few friends—have "unlimited" funds to spend on horses. "But only on quality horses," he adds. "On a scale of 1 to 10, I only deal in horses that are at least 9½."

Which is a pretty good description of Hot Hitter. "He's almost in a class of his own," Meitinis says. True, and so is



After finishing his afternoon's work by narrowly beating second-choice Tijuana Tea to the wire, Filion wowed the Jug crowd with his Ben Hur act.



Filion. As he tried to walk through the adoring crowd in Delaware, he was besieged. "Herve, Herve, my man, Mr. Hands," one cried. Another fan insisted that Filion attempt to autograph a beer can. One demanded that Filion autograph his hand; another just followed him around, applauding. Then, like Superman, Filion changed into his traveling clothes, put on a straw hat and sunglasses, grabbed his briefcase and rushed out through a hole in a back fence.

From there, it was onto a chartered plane that got him back to New York in time to drive that night at Yonkers. Filion laughed. "I like to go where the money is," he said. "If I wouldn't be successful, I wouldn't like it so much."



*For all their glittering brightwork and fancy paint jobs, these trucks aren't just showpieces. Pumping out pillars of exhaust and waves of deep-throated horsepower, they thunder head-to-head down a quarter-mile strip for small purses but big trophies presented by Miss This or That.*





# Lordy, Let Those Big Wheels Sing to Me

by Frank Deford

*Tyrone Malone listened to the melody, and after a shaky start—during which Little Irvy, the whale, helped meet the bills—he has truck racing revving up for the big time*

CONTINUED

## Big Wheels *continued*

When last we met Tyrone Malone, back in 1969, his name was Jerry Malone, and he was charging 35¢ a head to see his dead 38-foot whale, Little Irvy, which was lying frozen in a semi-trailer. But Jerry kept noticing that a great many people, whether or not they sprang for the 35¢, were every bit as enamored of Old Blue, the truck in which Little Irvy lay in state, as they were of the star whale itself. And so Jerry put on his thinking cap and became Tyrone Malone, Daredevil Diesel Driver, and he got very heavy into trucks. He has set the world land speed record for trucks at

Bonneville Salt Flats (114.896); he has brought us truck drag racing, organizing events all over America and in Europe and Australia, and he has assembled the classiest collection of trucks ever seen on wheels.

Since 1970 Malone has been adding trucks to what now constitutes a fleet. First he got the Boss Truck of America and the Mama Truck, which carries the Boss Truck along the highways and byways of the U.S. of A. Then along came the Super Boss and the Papa Truck, and then the Bandag Bandit and the Hideout Truck, and when you also take into consideration Old Blue itself, plus the Smo-



*The sky is darkened and the ground shakes at Alco Raceway as a pair of unhitched cabs get the "Christmas Tree's" green light*







key Bear Corvette and miscellaneous support vehicles, you are talking about a million dollars' worth of rolling stock, easy. A million dollars in trucks—and trucks can't play out options. Plus there are the toy trucks, the build-'em-yourself model trucks and all those truckin' trinkets. "Without the Tyrone Malone T shirts, the haes, the puzzles, and all that, I'd be a whole truck behind right now," Malone says. And just you wait till he puts the Truck Hall of Fame together.

"I beat *Waltzing Matilda*, the great jet truck, *Down Under*," Malone says. "I got 11,000 column inches in European newspapers. I made the 6 o'clock and the 10 o'clock news 110 times last year. That might be a national record. I believe so."

*Malone has had hard times, but once he put vroom into his act, things began looking as bright as the huge engines he puts on display.*

I've had to send my posters to Russia. Just think, a guy with a dead whale sending posters to Russia. You might say I'm the Bob Hope of trucking." Costs six bits to see Little Irvy now, too.

*I got a cute little gal in every  
Eastern town from Boston to St.  
Loo,  
There's some that I don't even  
know,  
But I'm lookin' forward to,  
'Cause I like my women,  
everywhere I go,  
So roll on big wheels, don't you  
roll so slow...  
I'm a kiss-stealin', wheelin'-destin'  
truck-drivin' son-of-a-gun.*

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Of course, not everybody is all that

crazy about truckers these days, including some truckers themselves, who have taken to shooting and nujming one another over how best to control the price of fuel rather than the love of some sweet nurse in Savannah. Jerry is unchanged in his opinions about gear-jammers, however. He says, "They're good, clean people. They're the biggest credit to American history."

And in a very real way, Malone had better be right, because in the past few years truckers have somehow come to symbolize the backbone of America, of democracy, of motherhood—and if truckers are not good, clean people, then possibly none of us are either.

Truckers attained such exalted status because, in a regulated, federalized computer world that almost none of us can grasp, the man alone in the big rig is perceived as the last cowboy, a romantic,

*continued*



Chrome sparkles and stacks smoke as a sleeper cab sets off on its run for glory.



Malone's truck (above) is a show job, but the workaday entries make his show go



## Big Wheels continued

rugged hero out there on his own somewhere in the night. *Keep on Truckin'* Long before the CB craze brought truckers to the glib attention of Hollywood and the fancy media, country and western singers like Dave Dudley and Red Sovine had immortalized these intrepid independents. To these singers and their audience, the trucker was never just a devilish love-'em-and-leave-'em guy, with a honey in every truckstop. There was that, sure—but more. And, above all, the trucker was a fellow with his wits about him, always hustling to stay ahead of the foolish bureaucrats, always figuring how to juggle his log book, beat the scales and cut corners to get the payload home. Not a lawbreaker, you understand, but a red-tape outwiter. It wasn't his roaming that made the trucker heroic, it was his maneuvering. To the worker trapped by a schedule, trapped under a boss, trapped behind a desk or a counter or on an assembly line ("By day I make the cars, by night I make the bars"), the big wheeler was a man to admire and envy. That the fuel crisis has driven even these clever stalwarts to frustration, petulance and, finally, violence shows more than anything how much the unfettered way of life is endangered.

Keep in mind, too, that there was always one more theme that threaded through truck folklore, family. The cheating trucker could be tolerated because invariably he was heading right home to the little woman—no harm, no foul. Perhaps more important, he would be going back to the son who would himself someday be handling a semi. The father-and-son motif pervades truck belles lettres, for despite all his alleged rakishness, the trucker is primarily a symbol of continuity. The car is something frivolous; a boy drives to sow wild oats, but a man drives a truck to earn a living. A car is a mistress, a truck a wife—and unless you understand that, you'll never comprehend why the fuel threat to the truckers strikes a little at all of America.

*At the crossroads tonight,  
Where you flugged him down,  
There was a busload of kids,  
acomin' from town.  
And they were right in the middle  
When Joe topped the hill,  
And it could have been slaughter,  
but he turned his wheels.*

*Well, Joe lost control,  
And went into a skid,  
And gave his life to save that bunch  
of kids  
And there at that crossroads was  
the end of the line  
For Big Joe and Phantom 309*

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Why, the first thing everybody involved in truck racing mentions is that it's family entertainment. Jack Musilli, who runs the Atco Raceway, a drag strip in southern New Jersey, says, "It's an entirely different crowd for trucks—older, better behaved. It's mostly families." The folks bring their cameras and snap relatives posing in front of Malone's trucks, just as if they were standing before the Lincoln Memorial or Old Faithful. They stare reverently at the engines, in Dionysiac delight at the cushy cab interiors, and generally there is a hush all about the big rigs no matter how large the crowd. The songs have that dead right, AMT, the company that manufactures a plastic model of Super Boss (it outsells all the other truck kits 2-to-1), feels that most of the models are put together by trucker fathers and sons who spend 60 hours or more on the project.

Says Richard Smith, 46, a truck drag racer who comes from Bucks County, Pa.: "I think people can relate to trucks more than to cars. Or, anyway, you can if you've ever been around trucks, and I have all my life. And now my son, too. I know whenever I check into a motel, I want a room where I can look out and see my truck parked. And you watch any trucker when he gets out of his cab. He'll walk a few steps, 15 to 20 feet, and then he'll turn and look back at his truck. I do it myself every time. You just want to look at your truck."

One reason why truck racing has not spread faster is that few drag strips have blacktopped pit and staging areas, and whereas car drivers don't mind parking on dirt, truckers do. Truckers talk about their punsinging nearly as affectionately as they do about their carburetors. A truck race must include a truck beauty show, too. One of the beauty-show judges at Atco once had to figure out how many points to award a garbage truck that was carpeted—in the back, where the cantaloupe rinds and

continued

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## Big Wheels continued

TV dinner trays usually get to ride.

Malone, who is the epitome of the carny entrepreneur, sensed this truck crush in America long before it surfaced. You don't buy a truck like you buy a car. You build a truck: this frame, matched with that engine, to haul this trailer, and so forth. Malone bought the pieces of his Boss in 1970, but only now, after paying \$200,000 in interest on bank loans, is he starting to score. His financial recovery was slowed up a bunch when he was practically wiped out in 1976, the year he invented truck racing in honor of the bicentennial. After his greatest disaster, in Tulsa, where the races drew 263 spectators (it was scheduled directly against an Elvis Presley concert and a popular local free festival), Malone had just enough fuel to get to the next race he was promoting, up in K.C.

On the year, Malone lost \$40,000, but when he got back to Visalia, Calif., which he calls home, he told his partner and confidant, George Zaronian, an Armenian, "George, I've pioneered a lot of things, and if I have any knowledge, this truck racing is the best thing I've ever done." Malone explains how he could lose 40 big ones and still come to this conclusion: "You see, this is an automotive-minded country, and I could see we were on the verge of waking a sleeping giant. Trucks had never been exploited before. My audience might be only 10% to 15% truckers. The rest are people who think of trucks as a great mystery—they see these giant diesels that pass them on the road. And I thought, if I can just be the Bob Hope of trucking..."

Malone was helped in his quest to make it big in trucks by the fact that, man and boy, Tyrone and Jerry, he is no stranger to adversity (or, you might say, anything else). He is an Okie with a ninth-grade education who grew up picking prunes during the Depression for 2¢ a 50-pound box, and it still pains him that no kids ever come up and ask to polish the trucks for a price.

Malone has done almost anything to turn a dollar. You might say that selling used cars was his forte. Once he sold a man a purple Edsel. But lurking in his blood, like a low-grade infection, was show business, and soon Malone was on the road, in the carnival game. "Sure, I'm a daredevil in a sort of a way," he says. "I'm the Daredevil Diesel Driver,

continued

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## Big Wheels continued

but mostly I'm an entertainer." Through all the years that Malone was waiting for the inspiration of truck racing to hit him, he had his hand in various other vagabond amusements.

For example, when he was at Asco Raceway last June, the very guy Malone had sold his traveling prison to came by the trailer to say hello. Malone's prison was on wheels and played fairs and shopping centers, ideally for profit as well as education. For a long time, Malone had a gentleman managing it who had been nabbed for kiting some paper. This was certainly the height of rehabilitation, an ex-con running a prison. The slogan: SPEND 50¢ AND HELP FIGHT CRIME.

"It wasn't a bad show," Malone says, "and who knows, maybe just one guy came in bent on a life of crime and went away straight because of my prison. Then it's all worth it, right? It sure wasn't no dink show, one of those things where they let you in free and then hit you up right before you leave, like you've just been to the Last Supper. We had a guillotine, a noose, a simulated firing squad, you know. And all the ways you can get yourself electrocuted."

After Malone got Little Irvy (which is, by the by, a girl whale) out of the blue Pacific—legally—in 1967, he thought animals were the way to go. For a while, he also had a Monkey Circus. Later he bought two seals, Silly Sally and Trucky Rucky, but they sneezed all over the truck (and the driver) that carried them about, and they didn't draw so hot, either. So Malone got a hold of two monitor lizards at \$300 a head. He billed them as "killer lizards," but even with that, people preferred the dead whale. Malone put up more signs on Old Blue: JERRY MALONE: ORIGINATOR OF LITTLE IRVY. Originator. And: THIS EXHIBITION IS DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF WHALES. Now that must be the height of salesman's check, you get a hit boat to knock off a whale, make a living carting her around frozen and then dedicate her to preserving the species.

"Those killer lizards. I gotta say, they were good showmen," Malone says. "They lasted exactly the whole season and then they died. So next I got Patty the Performing Porpoise. I figured this had to go big, a natural live act next to Irvy just lying there. But everybody had seen a hundred porpoises on TV. The

dead whale was outselling Patty four tickets to one."

For that matter, for a long time Little Irvy was outdrawing Boss Truck all hollow. Malone could not understand it. He was sure good Americans would pay to see the Boss Truck. It is red, white and blue, with pinstriping by Neil Avenill, chrome that won't stop, lots of racy-looking wings and his and her sleepers. Yet people would not pay to see the Boss Truck of America.

Then one day Malone put up a sign: THIS TRUCK WILL ATTEMPT 200 MPH. Revenues soared by 25%. "Attempt," Malone says. "I just said attempt. It's like



Shoring up a truck is exhausting work.

the killer lizards. I didn't say what they killed."

Good point. What did they kill?

"Bugs. But still, my whale kept outdrawing the Boss Truck. And you know what it was? I wasn't paying enough attention to the truckers. They would admire the Boss Truck all right, but then they would say to me, 'But it don't do nothing, Tyrone.' No, I was still Jerry then. They would say: 'But it don't do

nothing, Jerry. The whale truck may not be quite as pretty, but it pulls a load.'"

"Just remember that about truckers. Didn't I tell you they was honest? They don't want to see trucks just for show. They want to see something beautiful that actually does something, too. That's why truck racing is so great. You'll see drivers pull up to drug, coming straight from work. Some of them will still have their trailers, and they'll have to unhitch them right by the track. All real honest working trucks."

Then one fateful day in the spring of '71 at a parking lot in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, it occurred to Malone that the Boss Truck had been sitting idle too long, and he got one of his workers to rev it up. Va-room, va-room, va-room. And all of a sudden people started coming to see what was cooking. And they started reaching in their pockets for 50¢. "So I started revving the Boss Truck every 10 seconds all day long," Malone says. "They just needed to hear it. As soon as I started revving it, the Boss Truck and the whale started coming close in revenues."

That fall he went to Bonneville and attempted 200 mph. He fell short by 85 mph and change, but the 114.896 was the world's first official truck speed mark. The Bandag Bandit, Malone's newest machine, named for his major sponsor, Bandag Retread Tires, boasts 1,300 horsepower, more than double that of the Boss Truck, and Malone figures he can reach 160 next time he gets to Bonneville. "There's no telling how fast trucks can go," he says. "We're just now learning how to juice up diesels. Everything me and my crew does is new, revolutionary. Why, you could say I'm like the Barney Oldfield of diesels. I think you could also say I'm the Bob Hope of trucking."

*ICC is a checkin' on down the line  
Well, I'm a little overweight, and  
my log book's a way behind.  
But nothin' bothers me tonight,  
I can dodge all the scales all right—  
Six days on the road, and I'm gonna  
make it home tonight.*

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It wounds Malone that some people think he is giving trucking a bad image with racing. He has a lot of high-powered sponsors now—besides Bandag, continued

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"I'm a gambling goalkeeper, but I don't gamble on my shoes. From now on it's Spalding."

—Shep Messing



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## Big Wheels *continued*

there are Detroit Diesel engines, Allison Automatics, Eaton Axles, Truckmate Chrome Goodies and American Steel Foundries (which makes the fifth wheel, the gigantic slotted plate on the back of the tractor into which the trailer post is hitched). These outfits help open doors for Malone, but not so long ago he had trouble getting his rigs into truck shows. "And even now," he says, "I got guys come up shake my hand who don't want me in the business. And me, Tyrone Malone. Why I probably recruit as many kids as anybody in trucking."

And those stuck-in-the-muds who still consider Malone an unsavory influence now have someone else to shout at, too. In June, in Atlanta, when a promoter named Jim Donoho put on the Great American Truck Race, a 200-miler, the first real race for trucks on a banked track around turns, not only did much of the automotive industry come down on Donoho, but so did the U.S. Government. Joan Claybrook, the administrator of the Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, warned that the afternoon would be a "bloody spectacle" and "public suicide" in the Peach State.

The race, run at an average speed of

about 80 mph, with the leaders sopping out at around 105, was won by Mike Adams of Seneca, S.C. in his '65 Jimmy (a GMC) that he built from junkyard parts and uses most days to haul scrap metal. Only three of the 25 starters had to drop out because of mechanical malfunctions—a much lower percentage than in auto races—and the only injury was a bruised knee sustained by one of the drivers. The 18,500 fans had a dandy time.

"Those people will love my Truck Hall of Fame," Malone exclaims, highballing down the Interstate in pursuit of another star turn on the 6 o'clock news. He is the latest—and, perhaps, the last—in that line of happy American mavericks, the benign hustler. Put up another sign: THIS MAN WILL ATTEMPT \$1,000,000 A DAY. He has been tapped out, down on his luck, knocked out of business, and still been able to walk into a bank and get a loan in a suit and tie to lend him \$107,000 to catch a whale and put it in a truck. Malone's philosophy: "It's no crime to go broke in America, but it's a crime to stay broke in America."

George, the Armenian, is always asking Malone why he has to keep on adding trucks to his caravan, particularly now that there's a fuel crisis on and what-

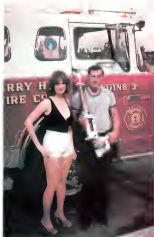
not. "All I know about fuel," Malone replies, "is that when I started out it cost 16¢ a gallon and I couldn't afford it. Now it costs 90¢ and I can."

Malone has his own way of fighting age inflation. No matter how old he gets—he is up to 49 now—he keeps marrying women in their 20s. The incumbent wife, No. 3, Cindy, is pretty and perky, about the age of his three oldest daughters, and she and Jerry Tyrone also have their own little girl, Cory Jessica, who is 20 months.

Malone is bald and blue-eyed. You seldom see a blue-eyed bald man that doesn't get himself a rug. Not Malone. But then very little of Malone is what you'd call typical, which is why he is the one who originated Little Ivy on the one hand and truck racing on the other. A lot of folks are crazy about trucks and driving fast, and no doubt there are plenty of people who could play the Daredevil Diesel Driver better than Malone does, but only a guy who was a showman first and a trucker second could figure out how to turn an entertainment dollar from a collection of Brookways, Peterbills and Kenworths. When you think about it, there never has been much original promoting in the racing field, except for Evel Knievel's death wish.

But a truck drag race, what with the obligatory truck beauty show combined with it, is more leisurely, more fun. It's sort of like a child's birthday party, where everybody who shows up wins something. At the \$1,000 Truckers Nationals 3rd Annual Drag Racing Championships at Atco, the judges gave awards in the following categories: Best Truck, Best Conventional, Best Paint Job, Best Dump, Most Unusual Straight Job, Best Fire Engine, Best Crew, Best 3-Axle, Best 2-Axle, Most Livable Cab, Best Interior—Non-sleeper, Best Roll-off, Best Wrecker, Best Garbage.

The judges and spectators wandered about all afternoon, inspecting the 150 trucks and then drifting over to see the *crème de la crème*. Malone's million-dollar cavalcade. Cindy said it was like a carnival midway, what with all the children running around. There were not a whole lot of people present with gold chains



There is a category for every type of big rig, garbage truck to fire engine, and Miss Atco handed out trophies to nearly every driver



about their necks, but some had cigarette packs rolled up in their sleeves and a great many wore visored caps with such names on them as MACK, INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER, CAT and so forth.

The truckers worked to bring their rigs to a high shine. Skip Kropowski, a third-generation trucker—his grandfather started with a horse and wagon in Jersey City—had his whole family laboring on his Jimmy Astro, which was emblazoned with a drawing of Snoopy and an eight ball. That would include wife Kathy; son Joey, age eight, who wants to be a trucker; and daughter Jeanne, seven. In the winter, when the Jersey roads are a slurry of snow runoff and salt, Skip washes his truck four times a week, going over it inch by inch, by hand. "I just like my truck to be clean," he says.

Jimmy Kropowski, his brother, had his truck parked in the next slot. It is called *Summertime Blues* and features a mural Jimmy did of a surfing scene that goes from the tractor right onto the trailer. Jimmy is a bachelor and only had a girl friend to help him tidy up, which may be why the judges gave Skip the nod as Best 3-Axle and also Best Crew.

Twenty-one-year-old Joe Roscino Jr.'s superless '77 Kenworth wrecker named *Super Hooker* (a wrecker—get it?—hooks cars), with blue, green, yellow, orange and red stripes plus a large rendering of Mickey Mouse, earned the prize as Best Truck, as well as the awards for Best Paint Job and Best Wrecker. Joe and his associate, Jeff Turner, had worked seven hours the night before up in Vails Gate, N.Y. washing, waxing and polishing. The victory was a popular choice. Everybody especially admired the custom wheels.

"Where'd you get them special wheels at?" Tony, the announcer, asked over the P.A. when Joe took *Super Hooker* down the strip, leading the victory parade. All the winners trooped the line that way, like beauty pageant contestants sashaying down the runway. The crowd was appreciative to a fault.

First, though, Miss Atco had given each winner a trophy. For the races that were to follow, there was a \$1,000 first prize and \$500 for the runner-up. Tony, the announcer, kept ballyhooing this bonanza, but nobody paid much attention. These people are used to reading about ballplayers holding out for another six fig-

ures. A lousy grand. Oh well, there was a certain antique charm to it. Also, it made the trophies even more precious.

During the afternoon's judging, several truckers lined up in front of their rigs the trophies they had won in the past. At home, they keep the trophies in places of prominence, in the family room or on the TV console. These truckers are not the sort who have been all-state this and that and are used to collecting awards and scholarships. Winning a prize is something altogether new.

Malone says that he was giving out the awards at a truck drag in Orange County, Calif. once, and he handed one winner a smallish trophy and a check for \$150. Now this trucker was the sort of fellow who certainly could use an extra hundred and a half, but he looked at the check and he looked at the little trophy, and he said, "Tyrone, I'd rather you keep the \$150 and buy me a bigger trophy, because I never won anything before."

**A**tco did not make this mistake. All the trophies were 2½ to three feet high. Each had a little gold-colored model of a tractor trailer at the bottom, and on top, past a lot of golden columns and arches, there was an Athena-type lady holding a torch high. As trophies, these certainly were keepers. Miss Atco presented them. She was a fetching redhead with an extremely large chest, and she wore white short shorts and high heels, as if she had learned how to dress for the occasion from a 1952 Betholite-Sinclair service station calendar. The most fetching part of her get-up was a tight plunging top that was cut about three inches higher up one breast than the other, so there was a tendency for all the truckers to accept their trophies with their heads tilted.

Malone stood straight up next to Miss Atco and gave each winner a red, white and blue cap adorned with a rendering of the Super Boss Truck and the slogan: TYRONE MALONE SALUTES THE AMERICAN TRUCKER. Then he took the microphone from Tony. "Let's hear it for truckers!" he said. "Tonight they might be on the drag strip, but tomorrow they might be delivering the milk and the meat that make this country of ours great!"

Then Malone went to his Bandag Bandit and became the Daredevil Diesel Driver, revving up the truck, roaring back

and forth on the strip, blowing a lot of horrible black smoke and flames and noises that you could not conceive of, and then sending the Bandit piroquetting through some elephantine 180-degree spins, preparatory to trying some 360s. This chilly night, though, he didn't have his favorite Bandag retreads on, and he could only pull off some 270s. The crowd loved it anyhow and applauded mightily.

*Well, Interstate 80—we was cuttin' the fog.*

*Just me and old Sloan—old Sloan's my dog.*

*We had an 18-wheeler with 10 on the floor, and a stereo—layin' a strip.*

*And then we sped a sign, says:*

*'Eat, Gas Now.'*

*We decided to whip in and pick up some chow.*

*At the old home filler-up an' keep-on-a-truckin' cafe.*

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Unfortunately for the uninitiated, drag racing is not just a matter of taking off like a bat out of hell, letting the fastest vehicle win after a quarter of a mile. Maybe that was O.K. for James Dean, but figuring out formal drag racing is considerably more complicated than scoring the decathlon and only slightly less difficult than the computation H & R Block does every spring. For example, here is how a truck merely qualifies for Class E, which Richard Smith won: "Ten wheel (three axle) fifth wheel tractor from 381 to 460 horsepower with turbo and aftercooler. Manual transmission only (2-speed, 5 x 2, 4 x 4, 10- and 13-speed Road Rangers). No semi or automatic transmissions. This class may also include Roll-off trucks without bodies. Full synchro transmissions move up one (1) class."

When all 16 classes had been deciphered and run and Jerry had come out and raced the Smokey Bear Corvette, the division winners started competing against each other on a handicapped basis, in what is known as "bracket racing." First, the driver "dials in" his time; that is, he tries to figure how fast he can go and registers that clocking with the race starter. If he should go as much as a hundredth of a second over his dialed-in time, he has "sandbagged" and is elim-

continued

## Big Wheels continued

inated, even if he has beaten his opponent by several Fruehauf trailer lengths.

For example, when Smith, the E-class champion, faced off against Norm Shipley, the F-class titlist from York, Pa., Smith dialed in at 18.90, Shipley at 19.70. The "Christmas Tree" (two stacks of amber lights, one for each driver, that blink down a light at a time until a green one is illuminated to signify the race is on) was timed to give Shipley a four-fifths of a second head start, and he burst into the lead in his full Mack cab with a sleeper. Getting away fast is crucial to drag racing. If you "leave too soon" or "go up in smoke at the line," forget it.

Quick starts are all the more important now because more and more trucks have automatic transmissions. "It used to be that accuracy in shifting was the difference in dragging," Malone says. But now, no clutches, no popping gears... no romance. Of course, it is a damn sight easier driving a big rig over the highway. Now, with the automatics, why even women and everyday people can drive a truck if they have a mind to.

Smith shook his head at it all. He is a proud, nice-looking man, well spoken. He owns five big trucks, but the one he always drives in competition is his beloved Kenworth, which has 400,000 miles on it and was burnt away to next to nothing in a garage fire in '73. All that was left was the engine and the chassis. It's a regular three-axle tractor, pulls a payload every day.

Smith calls his KW *The Dirty Dozen* because it has 12 cylinders. "I still want to shift," he says. "I never was very much interested in speed. I really drive very conservatively on the road. But I always liked to climb hills fast... shifting. Years ago we had those old gas jobs. In those days that was all we had—no diesels—and when you were pushing one of those gassers up a hill you could look down through the floorboards, through a hole, and you could see the machine glowing from the manifold all the way back to the muffler. All of it glowed, glowed cherry red. No, I'll always want to shift."

When the Christmas Tree gave him his green light 0.8 of a second later, Smith took out after Shipley, and they bellowed down the strip, Smith inching up on and at last catching Shipley just before the finish. But Smith had run his Kenworth too well. At 18.62, he had run 0.28 under

his dialed-in 18.90. Shipley had run a 19.56, which was also a sandbag, but he had come in only 0.14 under what he had dialed in. He was declared the winner and eventually he went to the finals of the \$1,000 Truckers Nationals 3rd Annual Drag Racing Championships.

His opponent was Bill Xiques (pronounced ick-ees) of Bayville, N.J. in a '69 U model Mack, 237 horses, five-speed transmission. Most of the drivers at truck races are independents, the ones who suffer most from the fuel crisis and the Byzantine state-by-state regulations, the ones who are packing it in now, selling their rigs and taking jobs with regular wages and benefits but without romance. Xiques is an exception. He delivers frozen foods in Jersey for a man named Nick Holowka, who lets him race the truck weekends.

**T**his Xiques does very successfully. He has been in eight races and never lost his class. Normally, his Mack can do 21.10 for the quarter, but at Atco he had a fuel leak, so he dialed in 21.50 for the final. Shipley put down 19.50, so Xiques took off a full two seconds before Shipley could blow out after him.

Shipley caught Xiques at the wire. It was so close neither driver could tell who had won, but it turned out that Shipley was in front by 0.09 of a second. Unfortunately for Shipley, in the cooler late afternoon air he had sandbagged by 0.14, while Xiques had gone under his dial time by only 0.05, and so Xiques had won the championship. Although it was quite nippy by now, Miss Atco took off her wrap and presented the championship trophy. It was about four feet high and as imposing as a mausoleum.

Xiques' kids were all over him with excitement. There are seven of them, ages seven to 17, and all of the boys want to be truckers when they grow up. Xiques has been driving for eight years. He is 42 and white-haired, and he was dressed in his regular driving shoes, calf-high black socks, plaid shorts and a checkered shirt. He was some sight, but he was also very happy, because he had promised to take the kids and Mrs. Xiques out to dinner if they won the \$1,000.

Actually, he had only won \$500, because his deal with Holowka is that they split the money down the middle. "That's

O.K.," Xiques said. "You see, I got to keep all the trophies." He is extremely pleased with this arrangement, and Malone came over to the Xiqueses and presented some more TYRONE MALONE SALUTES THE AMERICAN TRUCKER hats.

"You see, we've got to honor this kind of guy," Malone said, striding in the moonlight across the deserted drag strip to his trailer, where Cindy was waiting with a vodka and Hi-C for him. "These are wonderful Americans, and if I could just get some truck companies to support me, we could start my hall of fame. It would be good for everybody, because then the four-wheelers who visited it could appreciate truckers better."

In case you don't know, four-wheelers are all God's creatures who travel in cars, as opposed to trucks. It's one or the other—like the ranchers and the shepherds. "I get so mad when I hear some trucker on the CB talking bad about four-wheelers," Malone said. "I break in and say, 'Hey, remember, your mother is a four-wheeler.'"

So the Tyrone Malone Truck Hall of Fame would go a long way toward helping to remedy this long-standing conflict. He estimated that if you were going to make a good job of it, the Hall of Fame would come in around \$10 million. Ball park figure.

The centerpiece of the Hall of Fame will be the Wall of Fame, honoring trucking immortals. "You know," Jerry said, "there's a lot of truckers who saved lives, drove three million miles without an accident, got snowed in in their rigs, that sort of thing. We'd have a wall for these kind of guys. Then there'd be a place for meetings, for new products, for manufacturers to show off their models. And, of course, my trucks would be the center of attention. We might even have Little Irvy stay there."

*When I've shifted gears for the last time,  
Put me high up on the hill so I can see*

*All of big rigs rolling by,  
Blowing black smoke to the sky.  
Let those wheels, those big wheels,  
Lordy, let those big wheels sing to me'*

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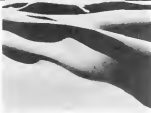
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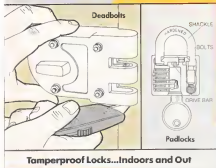
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# First Person

by GRACY JAMES ROBINSON

## A MAN RECALLS THAT SUNDAY IN HIS BOYHOOD WHEN THE MAN HIT FIVE OUT

As Mama gingerly placed a plate of fried chicken on the table, Johnny Antonelli laid a slow curve across the plate at Busch Stadium in St. Louis. And as I reached out to grab the drumstick, Stan Musial uncoiled from his familiar corkscrew stance and lashed Antonelli's delivery over the rightfield pavilion for a home run. It was Sunday, May 2, 1954, and Harry (Holy Cow) Caray was broadcasting the first game of a doubleheader with the Giants over KWHN in Fort Smith, Ark. It was a day to remember—25 seasons ago.

"Did you hear that? Stan the Man hit a home run!" I announced through a mouthful of chicken.

"Yeah," said Daddy, "and listen to ol' Harry now."

"Holy cow," we said, mimicking Harry in unison.

After our usual Sunday dinner of chicken, mashed potatoes and green beans, Daddy would lie in bed, puffing occasionally on a Prince Albert roll-your-own and listening to Caray in distant St. Louis describe the exploits of Stanley Frank Musial.

The Man was a legendary figure in our part of the country in 1954. He had already won the batting title six times and had been MVP three times. But such honors were not the only reasons that Stan was our Man. We kept in touch with the world through him. Musial was, I felt, my personal representative in faraway, mysterious regions like Philadelphia, Chicago and that ultimate, unfathomable place, New York.

I had never seen a major league ballplayer and didn't consider that fact unusual. Those other places, those other people, those other kids had the boys of summer. They had Hodges. They had Snider. They had Mantle and the Empire State Building. Bostonians had Ted Williams and Paul Revere and the entire Revolutionary War.

And what did kids in Arkansas have? Revivals. The county fair. The Ozarks. And, by adoption, Stan the Man, our only person, institution, phenomenon or product that was superior to what they had. The Man was ours, mine, and he was the greatest.

*It rained very hard early that day, and there wasn't any batting practice. I never felt too good about playing a game without looking at a few balls in the strike zone, so, naturally, I was a little uneasy about hitting that day. Antonelli was a very good fastball pitcher and had a good curve to go with it. I was just trying to meet the ball, figuring I'd be a little unsure. He came in with a curve and I tried to swing level. I always hit off the fastball—I mean, I was set up for the fastball, then I could adjust to the slower speeds. I swung easy and level and happened to hit it good, and it went out. That was the first one of the day.*

By the fifth inning, Mama had the dishes washed and had put baby sister down for a nap. Then she tried to get a little sleep, too. My brother David was hitting rocks out of the driveway with a sawed-off broomstick. Daddy dozed in his undershirt, but kept one ear on the radio. I was on the front porch when the Man came up in the fifth.

*The Giant pitchers never gave me the same pitch twice. Teams pitched differently to every player, and the Giants*

*had the idea that I should never see the same pitch twice in a row. Antonelli was working me in that manner. Schoendienst was on, and Antonelli threw me a fastball, about the only one I saw all day. I took a good level swing at the ball and—*

*"Long fly ball to right ... way back," screamed the voice over the radio. "It might be out of here," Daddy opened his eyes. David held the broom handle steady. "It is! A home run for Stan the Man Musial! Holy cow, his second of the day off Antonelli." "Wow, Stan the Man hit another!" I called to both of them from the front porch.*

"Quit yelling into the window!" said Mama.

Around 3:30 I was back in the kitchen looking for something to eat. I poured a bowl of Cheerios and milk and yelled to my father in the bedroom.

"What's the score?"

"Tied up 6-6."

"Who's pitching?"

"Kid named Hearn."

"When's Sun up?"

"Next."

"Quit yelling into the bedroom!" Mama said.

*Jim Hearn came in for Antonelli, and it was tied at six-all. A couple of guys got on base. I'd never hit three home runs in a game and didn't consider myself a home-run hitter, really. I was more of a line-drive type, but Hearn threw me a slider that got out over the plate, and so I took a good cut and—*

"Way back!"

I sprang up from the table and ran from the kitchen through the living room to the open bedroom door.

"It might be out of here!" Daddy raised up on one elbow. "It could be it!"

Daddy laughed and said, "Holy cow!" as David and I jumped around the radio. Mama said, "Oh, for cryin' out loud," and got out of bed. "You don't mean he hit another one."

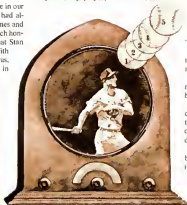
For the second game of the doubleheader, Daddy moved the radio into the living room.

"You think he could hit another one, Daddy?" asked David.

"Sure he will," I volunteered.

"Not likely," said Daddy.

*continued*



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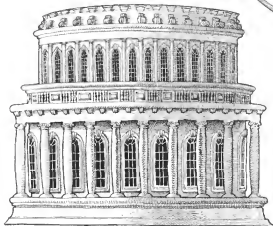
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## FIRST PERSON (continued)

whose opinion on hitting we highly respected because he had been a legendary batsman in Sebastian County. Rumor had it that around 1926 our dad hit four long ones over the pecan trees in Lucas, Ark. off a 15-year-old fireballer, pitching in overalls and bare feet, named Dean. And down behind the courthouse, in 1945, Daddy had blasted a line drive off Warren Spahn, who was pitching for the Army team at Fort Chaffee. Yes sir, our daddy sure could hit a baseball.

The afternoon wore on. Musai walked in the first inning of the second game and fled out deep to Mays his second time at bat. Not realizing the historical import of the day's events and being a restless kid, at about 5:30 I got on my bicycle and coasted to town. I happened to notice that Mr. Stafford was working overtime in the Greenwood Cleaners. As I walked toward the shop, he pulled down the press, causing steam to spew loudly out of the side of the building. "Stan has hit three homers," I announced proudly as I entered. Mr. Stafford smiled and pointed to the radio, saying, "Yeah, I know, and he's up again next." He placed a pair of gray slacks on the bottom pad and brought the handle down while listening to the broadcast over the hissing.

*Hoyt Wilhelm threw a knuckleball, and I didn't like to hit against that. By the time it got to the plate it was somewhere else from where you last saw it, if you know what I mean. It moved all over, and you just couldn't be sure where it was going to be. But on this particular occasion, I think he tried to slip a curve by me. I saw the ball spinning and—*

"Way back!" Carney screamed for the fourth time, now with a kind of frenzy that tightened his voice box and caused a gaggling sound. "It might be... it could be it!"

Mr. Stafford roared with laughter and held up four fingers of the hand that was not on the press. Steam and black smoke seeped out from between the pads of the press, and I wondered about those gray slacks. I squirmed with delight and headed for the house as fast as I could pedal. Mama was getting ready to go to church, but us menfolk gathered around the radio to see if our Man could do it one more time. Daddy said the fourth homer had equaled a major league record for home runs in two successive games. The Man was the best.

*After the fourth one, they told me in the dugout I had tied a record. I guess I was somewhat elated about that. Although I wasn't a home-run hitter, I naturally believed I could hit with most of them, so to hit four home runs in one day made me very happy. I guess my next at bat was one of the few times in my whole career that I was thinking home run when I went to bat. I didn't swing for a homer, but I admit I was thinking about it even though I didn't feel I had a chance off the knuckleball Wilhelm blasted one up there, and I figured it looked about as good as any, so I swung and hit it well—*

"Way back!" It was too much. David swung the broom handle like a mallet and fell backward over a footstool. I couldn't think of a thing to say that was loud enough, so I just jumped up and grinned and knew that the Man was my man. Even Mama got excited. She was on her way out the back door, Bible in hand, when she heard the noise. She ran back to the living room door and watched us chant in unison. "Might be... it could be... IT IS! A home run, holy cow, Stan Musai's fifth of the day!"

Daddy shook his head. With a faraway look on his face he said, "Well, I'll be damned."

It was past 7:30 before Musai came to bat again in the ninth. I knew he would hit No. 6, but Daddy said we should be realistic. I figured, though, if he could hit five he could hit six.

*They brought in Larry Jansen. I've never understood why they brought in the ace of their staff in the ninth to pitch to me. It was maybe the only time I ever swung for a home run. He threw me a fastball that came in real good, and for some reason I took it. You know, I've always had a feeling that I should've hit that pitch. Then he threw me a fastball, high and in. I was too anxious and swung way too hard and popped the ball up to Whitey Lockman at first base.*

David and Daddy ate cold chicken at the kitchen table. I stood in the middle of the living room and swung the broom handle, from the left side, crouched in that unique position. "The pitch [ywood], long fly ball, way back, it might be, it could be, it is! A home run, Holy cow!"

END



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## TRACY'S REIGN

Sir:

In your Sept. 20, 1976 issue (*A Duet of Pace and Power*) you wrote about Chris Evert-Lloyd's second straight U.S. Open victory and said, "Evert may win 10 more Forest Hills before a young lady from California named Tracy Austin is old enough to take the Open from her."

Well, Chris won four straight before Tracy beat her (She Simply Couldn't Believe It, Sept. 17). In any case, Tracy is the new queen of tennis.

MYRON ELIN  
Bazine, Kans.

Sir:

This year's U.S. Open proved to be too much for the big guns. I was excited to see a gutsy No. 3-seeded teen-ager stick with it to the end. What a thrill it must be for her—and no one except your photographer captured her excitement. Thanks for another great cover.

TOM GOWANS  
Orem, Utah

## BEHAVIOR PATTERNS

Sir:

Is there no code of decency that might be upheld in the once dignified sport of tennis? The utterances by Jimmy Connors as he expressed his dismay over his failures in the U.S. Open were vile enough for me to usher my younger children away from the television set.

Perhaps sterner disciplinary action for vulgarity and for the lack of respect shown by many of the players toward the officials would help to restore some semblance of order and decency to a game once played by ladies and gentlemen.

I suppose, however, there is very little hope, because the measure of success has become who won and how much money did he or she earn. How sad it is to realize what little value is placed on good sportsmanship and fun.

STEPHEN P. WOLFSON  
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Sir:

I think your SCOREBOARD item (Sept. 19) was less than fair to U.S. Open umpire Frank Hammond and his handling of the McEnroe-Nastase affair. I saw only six or eight of the games preceding the crisis on the TV replay the following Sunday, so I cannot address the question of which player was the more boorish during the match. However, just before the uproar, Nastase knocked the hat off the head of the net judge, and that in itself should have been grounds for throwing him out. In

your article on the NASL National Conference Championship in the same issue, you endorsed penalties for the physical intimidation of soccer officials.

The U.S. tennis Establishment owes an apology to Hammond for publicly embarrassing him. Instead of reversing his decision and continuing the match, the tournament director should have cleared the stands, sent everybody home and ruled that the match be finished the next day, no matter how much rearranging of the schedule that would have necessitated.

The powers that be in American tennis are going to rue the day that they let an unruly crowd control the play and force the reversal of a decision by an experienced and respected official.

BEULAH M. WOODRIV  
Albuquerque

## CAROLINA FOOTBALL

Sir:

As a sophomore at the University of South Carolina, I welcomed your article Do Not Ignore All the Signs (Sept. 17). I have pulled for the Fighting Gamecocks all of my life, and in that time nothing has really changed in the quality of our football program. The blame really can't be put on Coach Jim Carlen, though. Paul Dietzel came here after having success at LSU with his Chinese Bandits. Dietzel is now back at LSU and Carolina is still nowhere.

Where's the trouble then? Look at the Board of Trustees. The decision to fire Basketball Coach Frank McGuire came as no surprise, as he is the only winner we have left at Carolina. If the board would let Carlen and McGuire do their jobs without interference, maybe, just maybe, Carolina would succeed.

My father graduated from Carolina 21 years ago, and as he says, "Ain't nothing changed in Carolina football 'cept the coaches."

CLAYTON K. OWEN  
North, S.C.

Sir:

The problem at the University of South Carolina would best be solved with the retirement of the Board of Trustees and the firing of President James Holden. At least Carlen is trying, and this is the first time he has ever told us he had a good team.

WILLIAM E. BROWN JR.  
Greer, S.C.

Sir:

You must have reached the bottom of the barrel. There are many positive things to write about college football, and it is unfortunate and unwarranted that your readers were sub-

jected to a failure story such as this. At least the article indicates that, in this case, the coach and the institution very definitely deserve each other.

JOEL WILLIAMS  
Arlington, Va.

Sir:

I think it is time that people were made aware of the situation at Carolina. Considering the nature of the administration, I feel Carlen has done an admirable job. Thank you for bringing out the facts: if I had to choose between Carolina and Carlen, I'd take Carlen.

DWANE BRYANT  
Carswell AFB, Texas

Sir:

I hope you will let Doug Looney come back and visit us here at the University of South Carolina when things have calmed down. Our fans are excellent, and I regret that your story didn't give them credit.

JIM CARLEN  
Athletic Director/Head Football Coach  
University of South Carolina  
Columbia, S.C.

## KNUTE ROCKNE

Sir:

I truly enjoyed your two-part article on Knute Rockne: Legend and Reality (Sept. 10 and 17). While it may have laid to rest once and for all some of the fictions surrounding the great coach (provided we can believe everything we read in SIP), it also enhanced, in my mind, his legendary stature.

DAN PINNETTE  
Sacramento

Sir:

Myths are not fancies or white lies, as Colles Pinney obviously believes. Rather, they are a means by which we can come to know ourselves. The myth of George Washington and the cherry tree tells more about how a nation perceives itself than about the personality of the first President. The challenge in seeking to understand a myth is in trying to live according to its essential truth.

One need only visit Notre Dame to perceive that Knute Rockne's brilliance, and his faith and his dedication to that special place in Indiana—essential truths of his myth—are very much alive there still.

JAMES E. McDONALD  
Cascade, Colo.

Sir:

Now that I have read your articles about Knute Rockne, I am anxiously awaiting next week's issue to have you inform me that there is no Santa Claus.

JIM McMAHON  
Cortland, N.Y.



Sir:

While Knute Rockne may have been laying down a psychological smoke screen before the 1930 Carnegie Tech game, when he "predicted that the Tartans would win by 'eight or nine' touchdowns," he also must have been sincerely concerned. Going into its fourth game of the season, Carnegie Tech had defeated Buffalo by a score of 75-2, Thiel 52-6, and Georgia Tech 31-0.

Furthermore, Rockne certainly remembered the game four years earlier when he took Tech so lightly that he skipped the game in order to watch Army play Navy. Result: Carnegie Tech 19, Notre Dame 0.

THOMAS STEPHEN TERPACK  
Pittsburgh

Sir:

I read the articles on Knute Rockne with great pleasure, but I feel that the part dealing with the Four Horsemen put too much emphasis on the running backs. How about the line, especially the center of that team who handled the ball on every play? Adam Walsh should have been given at least some mention. Like others on that great team, he was a coach for many years. We at Bowdoin, where he coached for 20 years, remember him with great respect and enthusiasm.

CHARLES E. BIRBY  
Bowdoin '26  
Lakeville, Conn.

Sir:

Coles Phinizy's articles about Knute Rockne evoked memories of my undergraduate days at Union College in Schenectady during the '20s. The Union athletic department gave a banquet each spring honoring the men who had been awarded major letters, and Rockne spoke at one of those dinners. The audience soon learned that Rockne was as dynamic a speaker as he was a coach. He spoke of the Four Horsemen and then said, "What you never could have known was that while the Four Horsemen were running over the opposition, I had a player sitting on the bench who could outrun, outpass and outkick any of the four, but he suffered from a bad charcoal horse between the ears, and I couldn't use him."

C. S. BOWENWICK  
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Sir:

I am a lifelong resident of South Bend and a townsie (I attended Ball State), and Coles Phinizy's article on Knute Rockne and Notre Dame football has always been a source of pride for South Bend residents, those local "subway alumni." The story emphasized the aspects of Notre Dame that I'm most proud of: its academic and athletic prowess. In a survey cited in SI a few years ago (SCORECARD, June 28, 1976), Notre Dame was the only school that could boast that all 24 of its players then in the pros had their bachelor's degrees.

continued



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## 19TH HOLE continued

gress, Rockne, who was a teacher of chemistry as well as a football coach, was the epitome of this academic and athletic excellence, which continues today.

**BRYAN BEGAR**  
South Bend, Ind.

Sir: Notre Dame, Rockne and the Gipper are the stuff of which great stories are made. But having sat on the 50-yard line to witness the "Game of the Century" in 1966 between Notre Dame and Michigan State, I, along with thousands in the stadium and millions of TV viewers, know that "win one for the Gipper" lost its charm when the Golden Deniers went for the tie.

**STEVEN MILLER**  
Michigan State '68  
Richmond

**WHITHER CARTER?**  
Sir:

Well, what happened? What did Michael Carter of SMU decide to do (A Shot Heard Round the World, July 2)? Play football or go for the Olympics as a shotputter?

**DAN H. PROUT**  
Ventura, Calif.

• Both. Carter is SMU's starting right defensive tackle and, despite a knee bruise that forced him to miss the Mustangs' second game, his coaches predict that he has as good a chance to attain superstardom as anyone on the team. As for the Olympics, Carter is following a weight training program designed to help him in football and the shotput. —ED

**OFFSHORE TRAGEDY**  
Sir:

As a competitor in the Fastnet Race, I read with great interest your vivid account of the storm and the havoc it wreaked on the race (An Awesome Warning From the Sea, Aug. 27). While concurring wholeheartedly with your recognition of the magnificent rescue operation mounted by the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy, I feel that tribute must also be paid to the Marine Rescue Co-ordination Centre in Shannon, to the Irish Naval Service and to the Lifesave Services of both Ireland and Britain. Everyone taking part in the rescue operation showed a dedication to duty and a disregard for personal safety that I feel cannot be mentioned too often or praised too highly.

**D. D. O'BRIEN**  
Rear Commodore  
Royal St. George Yacht Club  
Dún Laoghaire, Ireland

Sir:

Your article stated, "In 27 (Fastnet) races the only fatality had been a middle-aged sailor who suffered a heart attack in 1977."

I had the pleasure of racing in the Fastnet in 1931 aboard the British plumb-bowed 56-foot cutter *Jolie Brise*. In that race we had a fleet about one-twentieth the size of the 1979 fleet (nine British, six American and two

French entries). I quote from *Ocean Racing* by Alfred F. Loomis (published by William Morrow and Company, 1936): "It was a hard race, too, and the only tragic race since the fixture was instituted. *Murienes II*, which had sailed in the transatlantic contest of that year, rounded the Fastnet and after having hove to under bare poles for twenty-six hours began running. In these tempestuous conditions Col. C. H. Hudson was washed overboard to his death."

On *Jolie Brise*, we blew out three cotton spinners.

**SOUTHER WHITTELEY**  
Greenwich, Conn.

**YAZ' 3,000TH**  
Sir:

In connection with Carl Yaztrzenski getting his 3,000th hit, your readers may be interested in a remarkable feat of statistical prediction. In his current paperback, *Baseball Graphs*, my colleague Dr. John Davenport wrote "Graph 17 also shows Carl Yaztrzenski's progress toward the 3,000-hit mark. With 2,869 hits at the end of (1978), Yaz needs only 131 more in this writing, and he has gotten at least 145 in each of the last six seasons. Allowing for his reaching age 40 in August, shall we predict, say, Wednesday night, September 12, 1979, at Fenway Park against the New York Yankees, as the big date?"

You can look it up.

**MARK HUBBARDUS, Ph.D.**  
Psychology Department  
University of Wisconsin  
Madison, Wis.

**SHOOT-OUTS**  
Sir:

I have just finished watching the NASL playoff match between the Cosmos and Vancouver (It Was a Cataclysm of Cosmic Proportion, Sept. 10), and I must say this shoot-out idea is an interesting concept—especially in such important circumstances. Perhaps we should take a lesson and apply the shoot-out to other sports. If a basketball game ends in a tie after overtime, maybe we could settle it with a round of HORSE or, better yet, a free-throw shooting contest. And if a football game is still tied after overtime, perhaps the opposing linemen could have a contest to see who can move a set of blocking dummies the farthest. As for tied baseball games, maybe after a few token extra innings, we could get things over with by seeing who can hit fungoes the farthest.

Hitting fungoes, blocking dummies and playing HORSE are all drills, which is precisely what going one-on-one with a goalie is. What a wonderful way to determine the winner in a team sport!

**ROBERT T. DANIELS**  
Tulsa

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